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From the Philanthropist.

Review of Mr. Rankin's Letter, or, Objections to the Support of a Pro-slavery Ticket.

Having at last made room for ourselves, we shall proceed to examine the letter of the Rev. John Rankin, published in the Philanthropist of August 4th.

Mr. Rankin is distinguished for the inflexibility of his moral character, and his devotion to the anti-slavery cause. His mind operates generally with great steadiness and much caution, and his views on most subjects are clear. What he has written on the question of political action, we must receive as the last results of a careful examination controlled by honesty of purpose. His letter contains perhaps the pith of all the reasons that have been urged in behalf of the support of a *slavery-ticket*. Let us then with all deliberation and respect consider his argument.

A WRONG POSITION.

The first of his positions to be noticed is, that, although the anti-slavery cause is of more importance than any now agitated, "it is not the only one that claims attention."—Hence, "if two candidates are before the people, and neither of them be an Abolitionist," he "will vote for the one that" he "believes upon the whole will do most for the country." We use now his own language, but this does not clearly exhibit his ground. He concedes that Harrison and the leaders of the whig party have committed themselves to the Slave-Power. Still, he will support them, for the reason just mentioned. His real position then, a position which he holds in common with the rest of Harrison Abolitionists, is this:—If all the candidates of both parties are openly hostile to Abolition, and formally pledged to the support of slavery, he will nevertheless vote for those who, "he believes upon the whole, will do most for the country."

We deem the position wrong for the following reasons:

1. IT INVOLVES A CONTRADICTION.

All true Abolitionists, with Mr. Rankin believe, that the anti-slavery question is more important than any now agitated in politics. They are therefore bound in consistency and sound policy, to make it the *test* question. So long as they refrain from doing this, they say in effect that it is *not* of *paramount* importance, and pursue the very course calculated to confirm the public mind in this error. If it be indeed of more importance than any other political question, common sense dictates that those who so regard it, should vote for no one who is not sound in his opinions respecting it; for until they adopt this course, they will never induce others to act aright. But, Mr. Rankin's position is a virtual *postponement* of this *most* important question, for the sake of what he believes upon the whole is the best for the country. Just as if any good of importance could be expected from a government, essentially vitiated in its policy, and acting in direct opposition to the fundamental principles of civil polity. Mr. Rankin will admit, that the great disturbing force in our government is, the Slave-Power; that the great fountain of political, and a principal source of moral, corruption in this nation, is Slavery. So long as *this* shall continue and *that* shall rule, the evil that may be done by government *independently* of their influence, and the good to be expected from an administration *under* their control, will be comparatively insignificant,—so insignificant as to render a choice between candidates bound by their power, a matter of little moment. Besides, the simple fact, of competitors for offices in a republic—founded on the principle of equality of rights—being pledged to slavery, a system intrenched on the ruins of all rights, creates a presumption against their moral and political integrity, which should suffice to disqualify them in the estimation of real republicans for any office whatsoever.—Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Rankin, for the sake of a good, insignificant in itself, and scarcely to be expected from the action of officers chosen *on account of their defection from correct principle*, would postpone what he believes is the most important of political questions, and, in derogation of its claims, sustain a slavery ticket!

2. WHILE MAINTAINED, SLAVERY CANNOT BE ABOLISHED.

2. Were all Abolitionists agreed in this position, so long as they should maintain it, slavery could not, by peaceful means, be abolished. Slaveholders with one voice declare to the politician that, if none of the candidates claiming their suffrages be *pro-slavery*, they will vote for none.—Abolitionists, on the contrary, are at pains to assure him in the language of Mr. Rankin, that, if none of the candidates be an Abolitionist, they will vote for that slaveholding or anti-abolition man, who, they, "believe on the whole will do the most for the country." Now, as the mere politician studies chiefly his own interest, he of course will always make it his business to gratify the slaveholder. Were the whole north *thus* abolitionized, a batch of southern aristocrats would still give us our presidents, aye, and our legislators too, until Abolitionists should abandon this ground of Mr. Rankin, and resolve to vote for none but *freemen*. Let us press this consideration on the reader. The slaveholder and the Abolitionist are the antagonists in this great struggle. The former plants his foot on a rock, and declares, "I will never vote for an Abolitionist." The latter ventures to say that he would prefer greatly not to vote for a slaveholder, but he will do it, if he can find none better. The slaveholder clearly makes slavery the *test* question—the *paramount* consideration. If so, what does the Abolitionist? Make Abolition paramount! No—he *succumbs to the slaveholder*, and votes for *his* candidate, thus conceding by his vote, in fact, that *slavery* is the *major consideration*.

Again we ask the question we so often have asked; how long will it take to abolish slavery by such policy? a policy, which rallies the Abolitionist under the banner of slavery, and makes every vote he casts count one for the support of the system.

3. IT INVOLVES THE SUPPORT OF SLAVE-LAWS AND SLAVE-POLICY.

This leads me to say, that it is a position which, whether Mr. Rankin will or not, involves him in the support of slave-laws and slave-policy. Let us try his principle in other cases.

Here is a community, blasted by the curse of intemperance, rapidly driving headlong to perdition. Its laws encourage distilleries and license dram-shops. Premiums are annually offered for the manufacture of the choicest liquors. The entire policy of the government is in favor of drunkenness. A reforming movement is set on foot. The wickedness and dreadful effects of intemperance, of the grog-shop system, and the policy of the government which encourages the evil, are discussed and denounced. Many are converted to the cause of temperance, and they agree as to the duty of using all their moral and political power to renovate the commonwealth. The community is divided into two political parties. One of them perceiving that capital may be raised from the temperance movement, drags it into politics, takes up the cause of drunkenness, and denounces the measures and advocates of reform. The other finds it necessary to show equal zeal. It avows its friendship to the license system—stigmatizes its opponents as disturbers of the common peace—pledges itself to uphold the rights of drunkards. Both parties demand a profession of hostility to temperance, as a condition to office. Now let us ask a few questions. Would it be consistent for temperance men to give their votes to either of such parties? Would it not sound ridiculous for an eloquent advocate of reform, to talk of the propriety of yielding support to that drunkard, who, on the whole "would do most for the country?" Do we not see that the government of such a community would be just as safe, so far as essentials were concerned, in the hands of one set of rum-drinkers and rum-patrons, as another? Could its policy be changed, would dram-shops be abolished, would distilleries be discouraged, so long as temperance men gave notice, that though they should prefer a sober man, yet they would vote for a drunkard or a rum-selling, rum-drinking advocate, if "upon the whole" they "believed he would do most for the country?"

The truth is, considering the relations of the government to the evil, after the question had been taken into politics, to vote for a drunkard, or a man pledged to maintain the whole system of intemperance, would be equivalent to voting for the evil itself and all its appendages.

Another case. (We dwell upon these illustrations, rather than merely glance at them, so that the mind may have a full conception of the absurdity, shall we call it! of the principle we are discussing. And we select cases not the most agreeable to a refined taste, because we are convinced that we shall never deal faithfully with slavery in Church or State, until we reduce it to its proper grade—ranking it with the most detestable crimes.)

Let us suppose fornication is encouraged among us by law. Public provision is made for illegitimates. Brothels are licensed all over the country, constituting a source of public revenue. Marriage is discouraged by rigid restrictions. So far have custom and law contributed to strip the crime of its odious aspects, and establish it as a popular thing, that the Church has learned to tolerate it. Nay, it provides seats for the fornicator, and finds apologists for this gross offence against human nature, this desecration of God's temple. Moral reform commences its operations. Many hearts are taught to revolt at this popular sin. The great object now is, to reform public sentiment, and repeal the laws which sanction crime, and make God's ordinance of matrimony of none effect. Soon one of the two political parties begins to denounce the movement as mischievous and illegal, a fanatical invasion of the rights of human nature. Great excitement rages. The multitude clamor against it. The rival party finds it necessary to vindicate itself against the charge of—*purity*. Both parties now risk their hopes of success chiefly on the strength of the evidences they may be able to present, that they harbor no design of reforming society, but are in favor of maintaining the old brothel-system. The candidates of both write letters, the orators of both make speeches, to prove, that they are enemies to moral reform—and entirely in favor of supporting the present system of fornication.

We ask Mr. Rankin—would you, could you support such men for office? Would you not by so doing render yourself a partaker in their abominations? How could you help it? Would you then plead, that it was best to support that fornicator, that man pledged to maintain a criminal system, who on the whole would, in your opinion, "do most for the country?" How long before brothels would be put down, while you continued voting for men, pledged to build them up? How long before marriage would be made honorable, while you and your moral reform brethren should continue to put men in office, bound to make it dishonorable?

Is slaveholding a less crime than intemperance or fornication? Mr. Rankin does not think so. He believes that it is deeper in the dye of its wickedness, and more ruinous in its consequences, than either. Slaveholding and its appendages are upheld by laws, for many of which we are directly responsible, for the rest, indirectly. The system stands on pillars, whose basis is the whole Union. The policy of our national government, the black laws of the free states, and their constitutional responsibilities, all operate steadily in support of the evil. The whole subject is now under discussion. Christian civilization has pronounced it the great question of modern times. A world-movement is in progress against it. Every where the public mind is agitated. In our own country it has been carried into politics One party finds a transient advantage in denouncing it. Its rival is equally zealous in proscribing it. Each one assumes the badge of the slaveholder. They vie with each other in their concessions to the prejudice and power which uphold slavery; in their assiduous efforts to demonstrate their anti-abolition hostility. Their candidates are slaveholders, or pledged to pro-slavery men. What is the duty of an Abolitionist in this case? What was the duty of the moral reform, of the temperance advocate, in the cases just supposed? Would Mr. Rankin have voted for the drunkard or fornicator? Will he vote for the slaveholder? If he will, then, in our opinion, he will vote directly for slavery in the District of Columbia, the slave trade between the states, the extension of the dominion of slavery by the admission of Florida, and the entire pro-slavery policy of government; and indirectly give his sanction to the principle which lies at the basis of slavery, and which is, that there is no right but that of brute force. Far be it from us to say, that Mr. Rankin would do such things intentionally; but such would be the real nature of his action. He cannot help it. It is vain for an Abolitionist to think of laying this question of abolition aside, (as Mr. Slade fondly hoped he could,) when he votes. Politicians have introduced it into politics, and made hostility to it, a test—a necessary condition to office. By the leaders of both parties this has been done, so that the Abolitionist who votes with either party in the presidential contest, cannot help voting in favor of slavery and against his own cause. It is a *pledged slavery ticket*, which he supports. Let us repeat again, that our confidence in the Christian character of Mr. Rankin is undiminished. We are now exposing what we believe to be the real character of the policy he recommends.

4. IT NECESSARILY INVOLVES A VIOLATION OF GOOD FAITH.

Abolitionists have always contended, that the southern people in holding slaves, the northern people in countenancing slavery, and the whole nation in upholding slave-laws, have practically given the lie to their own professions. Their creed, put forth on the birth-day of the republic, in the sight of the world, under the solemn sanctions of an oath, when they called God to witness to the rectitude of their intentions, and honesty of their convictions, declares—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The adoption of this creed was a sublime religious act. Publishing it to the world, and appealing to God for their sincerity, they necessarily plighted their faith to God and man, that they would always within their empire, faithfully and fully carry out in practice these grand principles. From the date of the Declaration up to this hour, their faith has been broken. They have deceived the world, they have insulted God. Their republic bears the brand of a LIE upon its forehead. Hundreds of thousands of slaves have found refuge in the grave from their oppression, and their blood is crying to God for vengeance on a perjured nation. Nearly three millions of living victims are now writhing in the deadly grasp of their power. An essential requisite in the character of every candidate for a federal office is, that he be either an *oppressor himself*, or a *pledged supporter* of oppression—in other words, that he either practically or professionally *falsify* the vital principles, to the steadfast, and perpetual support of which, the nation is sworn. Only on this condition, will this nation confer office upon him. Now we ask, do not the American people, every time they elect a president of the United States, under such circumstances, break their faith to God and man,—violate the solemn oath which consecrated them a nation! The people of Ohio, in the eighth article of their constitution, after providing that no religious test shall be required as a qualification for office, declare—"But religion, morality, and knowledge being essentially necessary to the good government and happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged by legislative provision, not inconsistent with the rights of conscience." They thus pledge themselves to each other and to the world, that they will always countenance religion and morality, and encourage the dissemination of knowledge by schools and other means of instruction. Now suppose, with a few exceptions, every second year since the formation of their constitution, they had elected as their governor, a man notorious for his ignorance and his opposition to the spread of knowledge, religion and morality—that they had chosen him for this very reason, in opposition to candidates, distinguished for their devotion to universal education, whom for this very reason, they had rejected. Would they not be justly chargeable with violating their plighted faith, with falsifying their own declarations! We are aware that it may be said, that the cases are not parallel. The Declaration of Independence is not the Constitution of the United States. True, but it is a document more solemn, more sublime, more imperative in its obligations. That document is an agreement, not between the citizens of the United States, as to the details of their government, but an agreement with the world and with the Supreme Ruler of the world, as to the principles by which the American people bound themselves for ever to be controlled, whatever form of government they might adopt. Have they ever repealed this Declaration? They could not do it. The principles therein recognized in regard to human rights are immutable, and everlasting in their obligation. Repeal it! Why, does not the whole nation once every year present itself before God, read this Declaration, and renew their oath of allegiance to its principles, "appealing to the Supreme Ruler of the world for the rectitude of their intentions?" And this it does, while every four years it confers its highest offices on the men, who can give the clearest evidence of their disregard of those principles! Such perjury is horrible.

We charge upon the position, assumed by Mr. Rankin, that it is identical with the position of the whole American people. An Abolitionist, who votes for a candidate, set up because he is a slaveholder, or for one who electioneers for himself on the ground that he is favorable to the pretensions of slaveholders, friendly to slavery, or unfriendly to movements against it, joins with the multitude in falsifying the principles of the Declaration of Independence. This is a hard saying, but where is the flaw in our argument? Point it out, and we will confess we have done injustice to our friend. Let us repeat again, we separate the noble man from this most base and ruinous position. We may be mistaken. We do not wish to dogmatize. Our venerable friend has grey hairs on his side; nevertheless, with some diffidence, we claim that truth is on our side.

2. ANOTHER UNSOUND POSITION.

Mr. Rankin says, that he is at least as much bound to prevent the election of Martin Van Buren as of General Harrison. If he stay away from the polls or cast his vote for a third ticket, he does in effect vote for the former.

In the first place, the assumption reflects strongly upon democratic Abolitionists. It seems to take for granted that they are either exceedingly few, or else too enslaved by their party to sunder the ties which bind them to it. This is a mistake. We have recently made a good deal of inquiry, and find, that there are far more democrats in our ranks than we had supposed. In this county, a considerable portion of our number belongs to that party; and it is but just to say, that we have not yet found one who would vote for Martin Van Buren. On the contrary, very many of the whig Abolitionists in Cincinnati have resolved to subordinate their Abolition to their party preferences. J. B. Mahan, writing from Sardinia, Brown co., bears similar testimony to the fidelity of democratic Abolitionists in that region. It would be well, if our leading men, when discussing this question, would bear these facts in mind. Invidious allusions to a particular party, are mischievous, and detrimental to their own influence. It becomes Abolitionists to deal impartially with both parties. A remark of Mr. Mahan seems to explain this difference in the strength of the party attachments of the two classes of Abolitionists. The democrats have no hope of their party; the whigs do expect something from theirs, because they have not yet seen it in power.

But, this assumption of Mr. Rankin is constantly pressed by Harrison Abolitionists, as if they thought that, should Martin Van Buren succeed through our refusal to vote, we should be just as guilty of electing him as if we had voted for him. There is neither logic nor candor in such a course. I refuse to go a journey with my friend, and he is robbed in consequence. My refusal is the same in effect, as if *I* had robbed him,—that is, he is stripped of his property. But, is there no moral difference between the two acts? The act of robbing is wicked in itself, and would necessarily involve me in guilt. The act of refusing to journey with him, might be right or wrong, according to circumstances. There might be good and sufficient reasons for it, in which case, no part of my friend's misfortune could be charged on me. Mr. Rankin, residing in a slave state, is elected to the legislature. A bill with most objectionable features is introduced for the gradual abolition of slavery. Two large parties in the legislature, nearly balanced, are opposed to each other on the question—one, resolved to perpetuate, the other, to abolish slavery. Beside these, there is a small party, with Mr. Rankin at its head, differing from both in this,—it holds that slavery ought to be abolished immediately. It is an important moment. With Mr. Rankin and his friends rests the decision of the question. He sees, that if the bill should be passed, so far from the hour of emancipation being hastened, it would be retarded. So much evil in his estimation will result from the operation of the bill should it become a law, that the legislature will finally be induced to repeal it in despair of accomplishing any thing. Under such views Mr. Rank.n votes against the bill, which is the same in effect, as if he had joined the slavery party,—that is, the bill is defeated. But, is there no difference between the act of voting on principle, and the act of joining a slavery party against principle?

The Abolitionist refuses to vote for the whig party, or in supporting a third ticket, votes against it, and is defeated. This is the same in effect as if he had voted with the Van Buren party. But, is it the same in fact? Is there no difference in the moral quality of the two acts? We must carefully distinguish our own acts, performed under a sense of duty, from the effects which may follow, in the order of providence, or which may result from the passions of others called into play by them.

Abolitionists have been charged again and again with the blame of all the mobs which have raged against them. Their course has excited the passions of the rabble, and in effect been the same as if they had themselves instigated the mob. Candid men have not been convinced of the guilt of Abolitionists by such reasoning; neither will Abolitionists think themselves guilty of electing Martin Van Buren, should he by their refusal to vote or their voting a third ticket, succeed in the contest. The question whether they shall vote a third ticket is to be decided by higher considerations than those which relate to the effect it may have on the success of either party.

3. THE ARGUMENT FROM A COMPARISON OF PARTIES.

Mr. Rankin relies much on the argument drawn from a consideration of the strength and depravity of the democratic, and the weakness and comparative virtue of the whig, party. "The two last democratic legislatures in this state have disgraced us. Democrats have taken away the right of petition in Congress. They have bid Abolitionists defiance in the very outset. The democratic party has been gaining power and overreaching on the rights of the people during the past twelve years. They have abolished the right of petition, and the President has exercised more power than most of the monarchs of Europe. More corruptions seldom existed in any government. Such a power is dangerous to the nation. It is unsafe to give it the growth of another four years. Continue the democratic party in power after what they have done during two years past, and what will they not be emboldened to do?"

This is a pretty fair specimen of the panic-style in which some Abolitionists are apt to speak of the democratic party. Granting the representation to be just, still it furnishes no reason why we should vote for a slavery-ticket, if our argument concerning the moral quality of such voting be sound. But, the representation is not true in point of fact. We are now venturing on delicate ground. Some of our friends are so possessed with the devil of suspicion, that if an anti-slavery editor dare to be impartial and correct exaggeration respecting either party, he is at once set down as a partisan in disguise. We know however our own position, and shall not be driven from our duty, by a fear that others will place us in a false position. Some call us a Van Buren man, some, a whig. Thank God, we are neither. We exercise the right of a freeman in defining our own position, and if others choose to misinterpret it, after all we have said, they will show a lack of good sense as well as candor.

WHAT TO FEAR FROM DEMOCRATS.

Let us see then what what we have to fear from the democratic party. It has been in power twelve years, but so far from having as Mr. Rankin says grown stronger during that time, it is a notorious fact that for the last six years it has become weaker.

Do you not recollect the majorities by which Gen. Jackson went in? But what was the majority of Van Buren? Why for a long while the race was so even between him and his competitor, that the people could not tell who was ahead. A very strong opposition continually gathering strength from the democratic party itself, and from that large class of persons who in ordinary times are never known as partisans, holds this party in check. As to its encroachments on the liberties of the people, they are no greater than would have been those of any party in power. The majority in a republic is always disposed to the commission of acts which seem tyrannical to the minority, and in many cases really are so. Its policy towards Abolitionists, detestable as it is, has been, has wrought them no harm. Better a palpable than hidden devil. We should fear more from the insidious advances of the slave power under cover of a party, and its consciousness of weakness, than from its direct, flat-footed violence exerted through a party confident in its power. The gross, absurd, outrageously proscriptive policy of the democrats has served to show the country, to some extent, the unscrupulous, self-aggrandizing ambition of the slave power, and how deeply the virus of slavery has affected the vitals of the nation; and, in its attacks on the right of petition, it has awakened the fears of the American people, and enlisted the sympathy of many, otherwise indifferent, in behalf of the anti-slavery cause.—So far from having put down free discussion on the slavery question, it has rather forced it, as a measure of defence on the part of those who would have been silent had it been less vindictive and violent. Last Congress it gave rise to a most protracted discussion on the subject, a discussion that could hardly have taken place under the system of quiet management recommended by Henry Clay. Much reflection has led us to the conclusion, that there is nothing in the present power of the party to excite the alarm of Abolitionists. Its capabilities for mischief are diminished. Its impotence on this question during the last Congress was more and more manifest.

Let it not be forgotten that the atrocious resolution abrogating the right of petition was prepared by a leading Whig from a slave state, and supported by all the slave-holding whig members, except four; and that the democratic delegation from the free states, amenable as it has habitually been to the slave interest, split upon the question, only 27 supporting and 39 opposing the resolution. The same symptoms of division were discovered in the last Legislature of this State. A bundle of anti-abolition resolutions introduced by Mr. Flood, and backed by all his influence, failed by a tie vote, and a change of the vote of the mover himself from the affirmative to the negative. Another batch brought forward by Mr. Fisher, met with no better treatment; the party became ashamed of them, and they were recommitted never to appear again. While the Abolitionists therefore have nothing to hope from the democratic party, unless indeed a more striking revelation of the all-grasping ambition of the slave power, they certainly have not enough cause for apprehension to induce them to swerve from their anti-slavery principles. "Well, but you forget the Army Bill of Mr. Poinsett." No, we do not. If this be not a slaveholding measure, it will never succeed in its present form, so antagonist is it to the genius and interests and common sense of the American people. If it be a slaveholding project, it will succeed just as easily under a Whig as Democratic administration—for, as we have proven again and again, the Whig party has committed itself to the keeping of the slave power. This power, however, formidable as it is, is not invincible. It has been met in the case of the Texan project, and baffled, notwithstanding it was aided by the administration. And, let but this scheme of Mr. Poinsett be demonstrated to be a plan for securing slavery, by providing a standing army against slave insurrections, and it will again be met and baffled, no matter by what administration it may be seconded. There is a point beyond which even the slavery-ridden North will not go in docile servility.

From the Massachusetts Abolitionist.

Mississippi—The Connection of Things.

We have grouped together below a few facts in relation to the state of things in Mississippi. We suppose a few words in relation to the past will not be amiss. They may serve to enlighten some plain farmers, if they do not some broken merchants and northern capitalists. Well, a few years since, (we give things in the order of time,) the price of cotton began to rise, and ran up very soon to an unprecedented height. Immediately a clamor was raised in Georgia and Mississippi for the Indian lands. Georgia has a surplus slave population, which she must send out of the State, or find employment for by opening new lands. To this end, as well as to reap the benefit of the high price of cotton, she must oust the Cherokees. Mississippi, influenced more especially by the cotton fever, and a desire to increase the population of the state by the emigration of planters and others, must oust the Choctaws. Both succeeded. The Georgia lands were mostly taken up, we believe, in the state. The Mississippi, or Choctaw lands, were thrown more generally into the public market. Cotton was high and the lands cheap, and there was a glorious chance for fortune making. So the representation was. Northern merchants and capitalists, some in person, and some by their agents, rushed to the spot. Some Bostonians went, authorized to buy up lands, on northern paper, to be sure, to the extent of half a million of dollars. Members of churches, patrons, some of them of the Board of Missions, did it, seemingly without being aware of what they were doing. The lands were bought. *That* was the beginning of the land speculation mania. It went from Mississippi to other states.

But the new lands were valueless, and could yield no fortunes, unless they were cultivated. The cultivators were not there. They must be had. Free laborers could not go there if they would, to work side by side with slaves, and they would not if they could. So, in came the cultivators, in the shape of 90,000 slaves, valued at $90,000,000 imported in the space of three years or so, from Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and other slave-breeding states. These were bought, to a great extent, on northern paper.—They were sold in Mississippi to emigrants and native planters, at a great advance, but on credit, to be paid for when the cotton crop should come in, and with a mortgage on the slaves, in some cases on the plantation, as security. *That* was the origin of the new and dreadful vigor with which the inter-state slave trade was driven, in 1835 and onward. That was the time of great indignation meetings and furious mobs in our commercial emporiums, to put down abolition discussions.

Time rolled on. The day of payment came. The northern speculator bought his land of the government with northern paper, his own or borrowed; in most cases the latter, we suspect. Of course he promised to pay the bank or house, whose paper he used, at a given time. He sold his land to the native or emigrant planter on credit, and took either the planter's note, with a mortgage on the land, or negroes, or the forthcoming crop, or altogether, as security. The planter's note of course did not become due until after his own. To make it available therefore in the payment of his own, he sells it on discount, himself endorsing it, and becoming responsible for its payment in case the planter fails to make it. The note becomes due, is not paid by the planter, comes back protested upon the speculator, who for lack of means, "stops payment"—himself a bankrupt. Or more generally, we suppose, the operation was this. The northern speculator bought his land with northern paper. The emigrant or native planter went to the New Orleans merchant, and obtained of him northern paper, with which to buy the land of the speculators, or government, and gave the merchant in return a note, with mortgage as above. The planter passed the northern paper, in some cases drafts on northern houses, over to the speculator.—The speculator sold it on discount, or passed it, with his endorsement, to the bank or house of which he borrowed.—The time for payment came. The planter could not pay the New Orleans merchant. The New Orleans merchant could not pay the New-York or Boston merchants, on whom he had drawn—hence the failures at New Orleans. The New-York or Boston merchant therefore could not pay the drafts he had accepted, and therefore when they became due he "stops payment;" hence the failure of merchants in New York and Boston. The accepted drafts are protested by the bank or by the capitalist, and back they come upon the speculator on borrowed capital, and he of course "stops payment"—hence the failures of northern speculators, merchants and others. Finally the whole comes back upon the bank or real capitalist. If he has the wherewithal, he pockets the loss with the best grace he can. If not, he too "stops payment," and shares in the general bankruptcy.—The failure of the larger houses carries in its train of course a thousand smaller ones, who had no direct connection with that which was the origin of the whole embarrassment.—And finally, in the general prostration of business, the blow falls back upon the artisan, the manufacturer, and the farmer. All bow together beneath the common calamity. At length, the consternation incident to the general crash being over, the several parties set themselves to gathering up the fragments, that they may save as much as possible out of the general wreck. The capitalist or the bank goes to the speculator, the speculator to the merchant in New-York or Boston, and he to the merchant in New Orleans, and as they go the several parties arrange matters with each other as they best can, until at length, in their own person, or that of the New Orleans merchant, they find themselves in Mississippi, in the midst of universal bankruptcy and ruin. The lands, it is true, are there, but the crops are not, and the negroes, in thousands of cases, are dead, or gone with their masters to Texas!

The operation, in reference to the slave trade, was of the same general character. The slave trader borrowed money of the northern or southern capitalist or bank, bought his slaves, drove them to Miss., sold them on credit at a great advance, rec'd in payment the planter's note with a mortgage, or drafts on northern houses, obtained by the planter of the New Orleans merchant, sold these for a discount or passed them over in payment of his own notes with his endorsement, and when the time for payment came, the same result followed as before, until in the end the capitalist or bank has to pocket the loss, and the blow fell at length on the community at large. In this case, however, when the several parties, in the person of the slave trader or the New Orleans merchant, went to gather up the fragments, the chivalrous plantocracy, that had not yet eloped to Texas with their slaves, just said to the slave trader or the merchant that their contracts for the negroes were not valid in law and therefore that they should not pay them; and as to taking the negroes they bid them defiance. Of course the matter went into court, when it was found to be sure that they were introduced in violation of the law passed some years before, but at the time a dead letter, prohibiting such introduction, and the court decided that all such contracts were null and void, and $90,000,000, mostly of northern capital, was annihilated forever, at a blow!

Other branches of southern trade suffered, of course, in a similar way. We do not pretend, in the above, to have detailed the several steps of the general process with exact business accuracy. We write for the common reader, unacquainted with the technics of the trade, not for business men. So much then for the benefits of southern trade, and the glorious fortunes that were to be reaped from the Choctaw lands, and ploughed out of the backs of the poor negroes. We suspect that some of our good men in Boston, little thought what they were doing when they rushed so eagerly to the purchase of those lands. They understand it now however. Bankruptcy has opened their eyes to the facts in the case. But do they, or does the community at large, understand and duly appreciate the *moral* relations, and see, as they ought, the *moral* causes of these tremendous judgments! We fear not. And yet does any one need to be told, after what we have said above, that these calamities have all come in the direction of, and in direct connection with, the oppression of the Indian and negro! Say if you will that the lust of gain lies back of these. True, but when God deals with nations to make the justice of his judgments *manifest*, he must visit them only for their *overt* action—not for latent, but developed character. Admit, then, that lust of gain was at the bottom; the grand, overt, *national* form in which it developed itself, and by means of which it reckoned on its fortunes, was the oppression of the negro and Indian. To make room for the negro in his chains, treaties were broken, and the Indian driven from the land of his fathers. The land went to the shambles, the trade in blood was quickened into terrible activity, and the opening forests resounded with the sound of whips and the clank of chains. And it is with national character in this development of it, that God has been holding such fearful controversy. And with what calamities has he visited it? Without a miracle, how could the visitation have been more direct and emphatic! Will the people learn righteousness! Or will they foolishly lose sight of the real difficulty, and resolve their troubles into financial arrangements of bank or anti-bank! If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry!

The way it is done.—We are making a successful onset upon both the great political parties. If Abolitionists would but do their duty, they would in a short time have every press in the State abolitionized, or sealed in silence. A friend writes us under date of Aug. 18th:

"As I was returning from meeting sabbath evening, when I had got beyond the bounds of the village [Nashua] I overtook a gentleman and asked him to ride. He also had been to hear you preach, and we regretted that we could not attend your Anti-Slavery Lecture in the evening. In conversation, I found him a good Abolitionist in principle, but unfortunately he was a subscriber to the Amherst Cabinet. I proposed that he should discontinue that, and take an Anti-Slavery paper. To this he finally consented, and wished me to have the Herald sent to him immediately. Please send it to him, directed as below."—*Herald of Freedom.*

Which is right?—The Emancipator of the 13th inst. says, a friend from New Hampshire writes,

"We shall undoubtedly hold a convention about the second week in September to nominate electors, &c. We are not strong, but we shall be able to count our votes for Birney and Earle by hundreds, at least, and I hope we may be able to do a little in the formation of a party; which seems to me the only hope of the nation, and the only possible method of carrying out anti-slavery principles to their final triumph."

The last Abolition Standard contains the doings in part of a meeting of the Executive Committee of the N. H. Abolition Society, at which they

Resolved, That while the Abolition Society does not feel at liberty to condemn the course of those individual abolitionists who choose to form a third political party, it has no design whatever to participate in such a movement, either directly or indirectly,—choosing to stand entirely uncommitted on the question, and to leave each man to take his own course in relation to that matter.

The editor of the Emancipator has been very diligent of late, in giving his readers intelligence respecting the results of the political movements of abolitionists. From the complexion of his paper, one might almost suppose J. G. Birney would receive the vote of the entire north. But if he is as much mistaken in regard to other States, as he is concerning New Hampshire, the British members of the London Convention to whom Mr. Birney was introduced as "*the nominated candidate for the Presidency of the United States*," may be a little chagrined when they come to read the state of the votes. All doubtless has been done in this state towards "the formation of a party," that will be, and that is ——— nothing. Of how many other States may this be said, from which we have heard a very different report through the Emancipator?—P. *Ib.*

George Thompson at home.

Abolitionists! Did you ever hear of a man named Geo. Thompson? If you did, we invite you to read the following speech of his. It is what would be called by Joshua Leavitt, "man-worship," a glorification of a reckless adventurer. What, perhaps, William Goodell would call an eulogy of "Napoleon;" but still it was made by a certain George Thompson, and it tells you the feelings of his heart. It will not suit very well, to say that George Thompson did not know the charges which have been so industriously rung upon the public ear, that Garrison had forsaken the cause of the slave, &c. George Thompson knew all about it. We are sorry that we cannot give Mr. Garrison's speech in that meeting; but as we feel disposed to give an account of the meeting, held by the Abolitionists of Boston, to hear reports from Mr. Garrison and Rogers, &c, we must omit it until next week. We hope New Organization will no longer claim George Thompson. It cannot have him. He is not in the market. He goes for humanity, not for *Sectarianism*.

Mr. George Thompson rose amid great cheering. He said it was with no common feelings he stood before them that night to add a few words by way of introduction to the remarks which had already fallen from their esteemed friend the Chairman, who had, indeed, left little for him to do; but he had been permitted by the Committee to precede his honored friends from America, and to offer to their notice whatever observations might occur to his mind in introducing them on the present occasion. With regard to one of them, [Mr. Garrison,] performing this pleasing and honorable duty, he would observe that, if to know that individual, to esteem him, and to honor and love him—if to have stood with him and by him in the hour of peril and of conflict—if to have beheld him suffer meekly and triumph modestly—if these things constituted any title [illegible] or that was now conferred upon him, then he might [illegible] m a claim to be the herald of the illustrious individual who would immediately follow him on that happy occasion. (Great cheering.) Glad was he to be able, as he felt confident he was authorized to do, in their name, in the name of every individual present, in the name of that great Association, to welcome to Scotland, to Glasgow, to that house, in which they had so often assembled, to welcome to their warmest affections William Lloyd Garrison. (Great cheering.) It had been well said by their Chairman that that name was not unknown to them—it was familiar to their ears—it was dear to their hearts. How often had they loved to dwell upon the labors and successes of that beloved friend! how frequently in that place, almost at midnight, had they tried to contemplate from a distance the scene of his glorious conflicts on the other side of the Atlantic! how frequently had they pledged themselves, deeply, solemnly, irrevocably, to sustain him to the utmost of their power, while he led the van in that glorious career, of which he had seen the commencement, and of which he trusted he would be permitted to witness the triumphant consummation! (Loud cheers.) And he begged to remind them that he was no stranger in another respect; he was really and truly one of themselves—he had been a member of their Society for years, and they felt themselves honored by having registered among their members the name of their esteemed friend, William Lloyd Garrison.—(Cheering.) He felt confident that he would carry the hearts of all present with him while he tendered to Almighty God, the Maker and Preserver of them all, his and their grateful acknowledgments for the guidance and succor, and direction, and preservation which had been vouchsafed to their friend now among them—to return thanks to that Being who put into his heart, while yet in the days of his youth, to consecrate his services to the cause of the oppressed—(cheers)—to that Being who forced him into the field in which he had labored with such pre-eminent success—to that Being who covered his head, and strengthened his heart in the day of battle—to that Being who had enabled him, by putting his own Spirit within him, to return good for evil, blessing for cursing, to forgive and love his enemies—to that Being who had crowned with so large a measure of success, the labors in which he had been engaged, and at last fulfilled the hope they had long cherished, that he would one day meet with them in that city, and in that house—to the Refuge of the oppressed—to Him who made of one blood all the nations that dwell upon the face of the earth—to that Being whom their friend served, and whom he loved—to that Being let them devoutly and reverently render their thanks, that, after many perils, and trials, and sorrows, their friend was now among them in safety and in peace.—(Great cheering.) They rejoiced to see in him an unchanged man—as devoted as ever to the cause of the slave—with energies strengthened rather than impaired, resolutions more deeply baptised into the spirit of [illegible] preach deliverance to the captive, and [illegible] who came to prison to them that were bound. (Great cheering.) But while they welcome their friend among them, they must not forget to refer his preservation to that Being who delivered him in the time of his extremity, and who enabled him to exclaim, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." (Cheers.) It was not his intention to pronounce any premeditated eulogy on the character of their friend. Were he absent he would have been more ready to attempt the task of doing justice to his character. It was, however, needless; not one word was necessary from his lips to commend to their hearts his beloved brother. They would allow him, however, to remind them in one brief sentence of the history of their friend.

It was now more than ten years since Mr. Garrison consecrated himself to the cause of immediate and universal emancipation—since he first addressed his own countrymen on the sin of slavery, and the duty of the nation to break the fetters of the bondsman, and to blow the trumpet of jubilee over all the land. Even before their friend had taken this high ground from which he had never been driven, he was the friend of the slave—the industrious and devoted friend of the slave; even before he came to us an advocate of immediate and unconditional emancipation, he was laboring, to the extent of his knowledge and convictions, in the cause of the oppressed in his own land: and before he took the stand to which he had referred, he had the honor of being tried, convicted and condemned, and cast into a dungeon in a slaveholding state, for having advocated the cause of the oppressed. (Cheers.) It was while he lay in his cell at Baltimore that he saw, with anointed eyes, the divinity of the doctrine, that it was safer to do right than wrong, and that sin should be abandoned at once and forever, leaving the consequences of that abandonment of sin to that God who had prohibited all sin. It was while in his dungeon that this doctrine entered into his mind,* and, on issuing from it, he hesitated not to proclaim himself a convert to the great principle of immediate and unconditional emancipation.—(Loud cheering.) On the 1st of January, 1831, their friend became publisher and editor of a newspaper called the Liberator. That paper on the first day of its publication, had not a single subscriber—no joint-stock company originated it—no wealthy friends, no long list of contributors lent it their aid—he

which has confided in them! Have they proved by their follies, their extravagances, their unwomanly boldness and want of a just sense of decorum, that these great men were wrong? On the contrary, I will venture to say, and I have seen something of all classes, that there is not in the whole civilized world, a body of women to be found, of the same numbers, who exhibit more modesty of manner and delicacy of mind than the ladies of the Society of Friends; and few who equal them in sound sense and dignity of character. There can be no question, that the recognition of the moral and intellectual equality of the most lovely and interesting portion of our Society has tended, and that very materially, to raise them greatly in value, as wives, as bosom friends, and domestic counsellors, whose inestimable worth is only discovered in times of trial and perplexity.

And here have gone the little men of the present day, and have knocked down, in the face of the world, all that their mighty ancestors, "in this respect, had built up!" If they are at all consistent, they must carry out their new principle, and sweep with it through the ancient constitution of their own society. They must at once put down meetings of discipline amongst their women—they must call home such as are in distant countries, or are traversing this, preaching and visiting families. There must be no more appointments of women to meet committees of men, to deliberate on matters of great importance to the Society. But the fact, my dear friend, is, that bigotry is never consistent, except that it is always narrow, always ungracious, and always, under plea of uniting God's people, scattering them one from another, and rendering them weak as water.

I want to know what religious opinions have to do with a 'World's Convention.' Did you meet to settle doctrines or conspire against slavery? Many an august council has attempted to settle doctrines, and in vain; and you had before you a subject so vast, so pressing, so monstrous, that in presence of its sublimity, any petty jealousy and fancied idea of superiority, ought to have fallen as dust from the boughs of a cedar. You, as delegates, had to meet this awful fact in the face, and to consider how it should be grappled with! how the united power of civilized nations should be brought to bear upon it! The fact, that, after nearly a century of gradually growing and accumulating efforts to put down slavery and the slave-trade, little has been done, that there are now more slaves in the world than ever, and that the slave-trade is far more extensive and monstrous than it was when Clarkson raised his voice against it, and dedicated himself body and soul to its extinction—that is a fact, which, if the men who now take the lead in warring on the evil, were truly great men, it would silence in them every other feeling than that of its enormity; and the godlike resolve that all hands and all hearts should be raised before Heaven, and united in its spirit, to chase this spreading villany from the earth speedily and forever. But men, however benevolent, cannot be great men if they are bigots. Bigots are like the peasants who build their cabins in the mighty palaces of the ancient Cæsars. The Cæsars who raised the vast fabrics are gone, and their power in which they raised them is gone with them. Poor and little men raise their huts within those august palace walls, and fancy themselves the inhabitants of the palaces themselves.—So in the mighty fane of Christianity, bigots and sectarians are continually rearing their little cabins of sects and parties, and would fain persuade us, while they fill their own narrow tenements, that they fill the glorious greatness of Christianity itself! It is surely high time that, after eighteen hundred years of Christ's reign, we should be prepared to allow each other to hold an opinion on the most important of all subjects to ourselves. It is surely time that we opened our eyes sufficiently to see what is so plain in the gospel—the sublime difference between the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of his disciples when they fain would have made a *bigot* of him. 'We saw men doing miracles in thy name—and we forbade them.' 'Forbid them not, for they who are not against us are with us.' It is not by *doctrines* that Christ said that his disciples should be known, but by their *fruits*—and by the greatest of all fruits—*love*. You, dear friend, and those noble women to whom I address myself when addressing you, have shown in your own country, the grand christian testimonial of love to mankind in the highest degree. You have put your lives in your hands, for the sake of man's freedom from caste, color and mammon;—and the greatest disgrace that has of late years befallen this country is, that you have been refused admittance as delegates to the Convention, met ostensibly to work that very work for which you have so generously labored and freely suffered.

The Convention has not merely insulted you, but those who sent you. It has testified that the men of America are at least far ahead of us in their opinion of the discretion and usefulness of women. But above all, this act of exclusion has shewn how far the Society of Friends is fallen from its ancient state of greatness, and catholic nobleness of spirit.

But my time is gone. I have not said one half, one tenth, one hundredth part of what I could say to you and to your companions on this subject: but of this be assured, time and your own delegators will do you justice. The true Christians in all ages were the heretics of the time; and this I say, not because I believe exactly as you do, for in truth, I neither know nor desire to know, exactly, how far we think alike. All that I know or want to know is, that you have shown the grand mark of Christian truth—love to mankind.

I have heard the noble Garrison blamed that he has not taken his place in the Convention, because you, his fellow delegates, were excluded. I, on the contrary, honor him for his conduct. In mere worldly wisdom he might have entered the Convention, and there entered his protest against the decision—but in at once refusing to enter, where you, his fellow delegates, were shut out, he has entered a far nobler protest, not in the mere Convention, but in the world at large. I honor the lofty principle of that true champion of humanity, and shall always recollect with delight the day Mary and I spent with you and him.

I must apologise for this most hasty, and, I fear, illegible scrawl, and with our kind regards and best wishes for your safe return to your native country, and for many years of honorable labor there for the truth and freedom, I beg to subscribe myself, most sincerely, your friend,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

We give in addition to George Thompson's speech, the speech of William Lloyd Garrison, in the Marlboro' Chapel Boston, at a public meeting on his late return from Europe. We wish you to read and hand it to your neighbours.

Next week we shall give his speech before the Glasgow Emancipation Society, and a speech of our well beloved brother N. P. Rogers.

Mr Garrison arose amid the warmest greetings, and said —My friends, I am not sure that I shall be able to make myself heard to-night; for as we entered the harbor in the noble steam-ship Acadia, on Monday, we were greeted with repeated shouts of welcome from the citizens on shore; and my feelings on arrival would not let me do less than give them cheer for cheer. The consequence is, that I have quite lost my voice. You may see by this, that, though I have been to England, there is no land so dear to me as my own. Indeed, it is impossible for me to make the feelings fully comprehended with which I see again my native land! the feelings with which I find myself here once more in Massachusetts—in Boston—in this temple of Liberty—and before such an audience as this! I thank God that I was born in the United States,—that my field of labor lies in the United States. Though I have met in England nothing but kindness, and have often been literally overwhelmed with demonstrations of regard—yet I had rather be here in the midst of my oppressed countrymen laboring for their deliverance, than elsewhere, though basking in the sunshine of favor. I said I was glad to be in Boston once more. I am, though Boston has, it is true, used me somewhat roughly, in days that are past. I am,—for here I see once more THE PEOPLE. In England, I have seen dukes, and marquises, and earls, and royalty itself, in all the hereditary splendor of an ancient monarchy, surrounded with luxury and pomp, and the people impoverished and oppressed to sustain it all; but here, in New-England, one looks for such inequality in vain.

Yet I have had no reason personally to speak ill of the nobility. I have to make grateful acknowledgement of much kindness and attention from them. But I want to see them invested in their own nobility alone. I want them to be the noblemen of nature.

But here are THE PEOPLE! And oh, how would my heart leap, if my thoughts might stop here. True, there are here no such institutions, civil or ecclesiastical, as there weigh heavily on the people; but our country tolerates—yea, cherishes with all her might, what is a thousand times worse,—SLAVERY. It is in vain that we strive to take an exalted rank among the nations, till this is done away.—No matter what we are—no matter how well fed and clothed are a *part* of our people—no matter how abundant are our civil and religious privileges—no matter how excellent and how equalizing are our institutions—no matter how great are our facilities for instruction—our ardor in benevolent operations:—It all goes for nothing, so long as we grind to the dust three millions of our countrymen, because their skins are not colored like our own.

My reception in England, Scotland and Ireland, has been all that my heart could desire, and more than I could expect; but I have never felt so grateful, or so honored, as on this night, by *your* reception.

The seceders from our ranks declare me to be a stumbling-block in the way of the cause of Emancipation! It is quite remarkable, that slaveholders can find such high professors of abolition to agree with them. But it is so. They all agree that till I can be got out of the way, the cause is hindered. But what care I for these declarations! Have I not the witness in my own bosom that it is not so! I need no more. Have I not here additional evidence! Until the slaveholder gives me the right hand of fellowship, and the colored man turns indignantly away, I shall hold that I give the world good evidence of my devotion and usefulness to your cause.

I thank my colored friends for this cheering reception. I rejoice that, though such insidious efforts have been made to separate their hearts from mine, we are but united by them the more closely. I trust I shall do nothing to forfeit you valued love and confidence.

In reading, in the Liberator, the account of your celebration of the 1st of August, I saw the expression of your confidence and esteem for Charles Lenox Remond. 'The only representative of the colored population in England,' said the toast. I thought there must be a slight mistake here, for was I not also your representative! (Applause.) A more deserving representative than Remond could not have been sent—(applause)—but he was not your *only* one, though the only *colored* delegate it is true he was. (Applause.)

Gratifying as your reception is to me, I must declare that it has been no merit in me to have espoused your cause.—Had I not done so, what should I have been? Infamous in my own eyes, and the right estimate of mankind. Hooked over our land, and I saw three millions of its inhabitants, suffering the pressure of every dreadful evil which is the consequence of a deprivation of liberty; robbed of all just rights; made the mere property of their plunderers; their bodies subject to the lash of the driver at the merest caprice, their spirits deprived of the light of the scriptures; the marriage institution, sacred of heaven, impiously annulled; and the Christianity of the land silent—the pulpit dumb!—I saw that unless something could be done to avert the dreadful doom of unchecked and unrepentant iniquity, our country's destiny was sealed. I saw these things as a man and a Christian must; and I could not but act in accordance with my deep convictions. But was there any *merit* in this? On the contrary, I should have been infamous, if I had not acted thus.

My worthy friend, who has just preceeded me, has said that I have suffered for this cause. But what have my sufferings been? Nothing! Nothing! One hour of the suffering of being a *slave*, would outweigh them all. True, I have been vilified, and abused, and misrepresented, through the length and breadth of the land; but what of that? True, I have been imprisoned, driven from place to place, a price set upon my life; but what of that? I have been betrayed by those in whom I trusted; but what of that? I am grateful for the privilege of being permitted to testify, that there is that in this great cause of human liberty, which can create out of these light sufferings, a joy, exceeding and eternal! And if, in future, there should in the course of my duties be heavier dispensations in store for me, I pray God to keep me faithful as in times past.

The object of our meeting is to hear tidings of the 'World's Convention.' I am sorry to be obliged to say so, but there has been none held. There has been one of an exclusive character, but we did not find it the one to which we were sent. The proposition to hold one originated in this country, and was first made in the Emancipator, the official organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It was for a WORLD'S CONVENTION—nothing less. The abolitionists of England endorsed the proposition. In the nature of things, there must be somebody to call it, and this service devolved upon the London Anti-Slavery Committee. They gave their notice to all climes and people. The American Society, in good faith, and upon the strength of that call, appointed delegates to attend the convention. Among others, I had the honor of an appointment; with several women, well known for devoted attachment to the cause, for eminent ability in its prosecution, and for great moral excellence and worth of character. It was our desire to have been there in good season, for we knew that the plottings of 'New Organization' would be unwearied; and, in fact, they were but too successful. But the annual meeting of the American Society was deemed to important an occasion to admit of the absence of any faithful friends from its deliberations, and we therefore decided to remain and attend it;—especially as, with a reasonable passage, we might hope to arrive in season. Unfortunately, this was not the case;—(and yet I know not that I should say unfortunately, since all has seemed for the best.) When we arrived, we found the convention had been in session one week, and that only three days more remained, for the completion of its proceedings. So long had we been delayed by head winds.

And here I will digress for a moment. On our voyage, we heard much respecting the anti-slavery cause, from our motley assemblage of passengers, mostly English and Scotch, who had either been resident in, or travelling through our country, and who had all imbibed the *colorphobia*, and were frantic in their opposition towards the cause we advocated. They told us that anti-slavery had become very unpopular in England; that Lord Brougham had repented of having engaged in it; that the people were sick of the West India experiment! But how did it turn out? On our arrival in Liverpool, we learned that the largest anti-slavery meeting ever known had just been held—Prince Albert in the chair; that even the *tories* were now professedly anti-slavery men; that even Sir Robert Peel had been pressed into connection with the cause, and the whole tory public, so long the opposition, could no longer stand out against the tide of its popularity. So much for the veracity of our fellow-passengers. But to return. We found on our arrival in London, that the committee there had taken upon themselves to say who should be permitted to enter the Convention, and who should be excluded; and that the Convention had adhered to their decision by a large majority. Yes! the London Committee, who were but the instrumentality whereby the World's Convention was called, and who, after having called it, should have assumed no more authority than they might exercise as individual members in its ranks, decided that one half the world should be excluded! And, I ask, by what authority they did so!—And having done so, thus making the convention a delegated body, I ask, by what authority it was that they dishonored the credentials of any of the delegates to that body? All this the London Committee did in advance, and the Convention obsequiously yielded to their decision. But it was not without discussion, that will be most beneficial in its results. Your gifted and distinguished fellow-citizen, Wendell Phillips, proposed that the roll of the Convention should be made out from the credentials of the delegates; and he was nobly sustained (among others by the eloquent and learned Dr. Bowring, and by William Ashurst, a distinguished Solicitor of London. [Here Mr. Garrison read the remarks of the above named gentlemen in the Convention.] Thus spoke two men, distinguished for their eminent ability and expansive philanthropy, whose names, for this one act alone, are worthy of all honor.

And now, why did not that part of your delegation, to which no objection was made, enter the meeting? One reason was, the lateness of our arrival. The Convention had but three days more to sit, and therefore we would not disturb it by renewing the agitation of the subject already decided, but so decided as to prevent us also from entering, without renewing its discussion. Another reason was, that, after having called every friend of the oppressed from all parts of the globe, the convention was not an open one, but resolved itself into a delegated body. Another was, that *being* a delegated body, the delegates were not all received. Why, which of the delegates had the right to reject the rest? As well might the women have conspired to vote out the men, as the men have undertaken to exclude the women. But we were told by the committee, that we had entirely mistaken the nature of the meeting. It was not 'a World's Convention;' that was merely a poetical dream of our friend Whittier. It was a meeting of such delegates from anti-slavery societies as they were willing to receive, in conference with the London Committee, as the proposition of the Methodists,* I heard it said that *some persons* 'refused to join the Convention, because all the world was not present!' Now this seems to be, on the best construction of it—folly. What *is* a World's Convention? It is that which all the world *may* be present. A *State* Convention is one at which all the State may be present. Still, it is not expected they all *will* be there. I complain, not that the whole world was not there, but that those who *were* there, were denied admission. Again it was said, that the London meeting resolved from the beginning, to keep out other questions; to discuss nothing but Anti-Slavery. Then I turn to that Convention and tell them that, in excluding women, they *did* undertake to settle another great question. (Lively applause.) I say that, in that act, they swerved from their abolition integrity. If our credentials were true, there should have been an end of the matter. It was for the abolitionists of America, of France, of Denmark, of England, to choose by whom they would be represented, and not for any London committee to decide. A Convention should have some discretionary power, I admit. If the moral character of any delegate had been detestible, or his behavior been unruly, then I admit there might have been ground for exclusion. But as it was, I conceive that a great outrage was committed.

Again it was said last night, with exultation, 'that the London meeting refused to advocate women's rights, and kept close to the advocacy of slave's rights!' Why, what *are* women, and who *are* slaves? Are not the rights of both identical! *Human* rights!—*that* is the great question which agitates the age. In Christ Jesus and in the Christian scriptures, there is 'neither male nor female,' neither bond nor free; but all their rights are one. I wrong the slave in dishonoring or casting one obstacle in the way of his female advocate. (Applause.)

I heard, too, last night, an apology for the London meeting, in that it had not opened its sessions with vocal prayer. It was said that as the Convention was composed of men entertaining every variety of religious belief, it was judged best to save the feelings of those who were conscientiously opposed to formal observances, by omitting vocal supplication. Then I say, if they could do thus much to save the feelings of individuals they ought to have received our American female delegation for the same reason and left all free to pray or act as they might feel moved in spirit!

We were told, again, that British abolitionists rejoiced that 'this incubus' no longer weighed down the cause in this country. We shall see how that is hereafter. I deny the fact. I believe that in the course pursued in prosecuting the anti-slavery cause in America, we shall have a response from all in England that is worth calling abolitionism. It was also said by one of the speakers, [Rev. Nathaniel Colver,] who professes to be very adverse to the introduction of 'extraneous topics' into anti-slavery meetings, that he was much pleased with the Quakers in England, because instead of dealing in mystical phraseology, and talking about inward light, 'they they had much to say about the atonement and repentance, like good christians!' Now I ask, what has this talk about the atonement to do with anti-slavery! and whether that individual does not stand condemned out of his own mouth!

Once more, as to our refusal to join the meeting. We felt that in rejecting the credentials of those who were delegated with us, the London meeting did really dishonor our own. We felt that we had no more right there than was possessed by our rejected co-delegates; and we would not go in as a matter of favor. (Applause.) We felt that not only were your whole delegation dishonored by the exclusion of any of its members, but, in rejecting a part, they did also reject those who sent them.

And what was their plea? Why, it was contrary to British usage and custom. I would fain know what abolitionists had to do with that! Were they there from all kingdoms and nations to sustain British usage and custom?—Neither is there any consistency in their plea. With a woman on the throne, a woman at the head of their established church, a woman commander-in-chief of the army and navy, a woman to address the house of lords, it ill becomes them to present their *usages* as an obstacle to woman's labors of benevolence—to woman's mission of mercy. (Applause.) But they have some very bad usages in Great Britain, and I wish to see those usages abolished. I have seen woman there, bearing burdens unsuited to her physical condition. I have seen woman breaking stone on the high way, and laboring in the harvest-field, and the brick-yard.—I have seen her, with her own hands, gathering dung in the street. And yet it would be contrary to British usage and custom to allow women to choose their sphere of usefulness in the field of morals and religion! (Continued applause.)

Now, I will not stop to inquire, whether we are sustained by you in the course we took. I never asked myself that question there; for I saw my duty in the light of the facts in the case, and could not hesitate to follow it.

But I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of our friend Charles Lenox Remond. Though a warmer welcome than ordinarily awaits the white man was extended to him, as a man of color, he nobly refused to enter, where any of the advocates of human rights were thrust out. And in thus deciding, he did more for our cause than he could possibly have done by neglecting to bear so emphatic a testimony. Indeed, it is far better for the cause of the slave that the Convention pursued the course it did. That course has raised discussion throughout England; and some, at least, who at first adopted it, have now repented. Nay, more; it has brought up before all Europe the question so important to the success of the anti-slavery enterprise, whether, in a moral cause, a woman may be a free moral agent. Not a doubt exists, in my mind, as to the ultimate affirmative decision of that question. I rejoice that it must be so, as it rouses a powerful influence, hitherto dormant, for the slave's cause—the cause of liberty and humanity.

With your permission, sir, I will read a letter on this subject addressed to our co-delegate, Lucretia Mott, by Daniel O'Connell, (applause) the champion of Ireland. [Mr. Garrison here read the letter.]

And is it nothing that DANIEL O'CONNELL is with us on this question! Has the cause of human rights a more powerful champion than he! No matter that he is vilified by the enemies of that cause. Their obloquy and misrepresentation are but the proofs of his fidelity. There is no man so popular with the people in England—none that ought to be more dear to the abolitionist and to the man of color, in America.

My time is hastening, but I would fain extend it so as to give one more letter. It is from WILLIAM HOWITT, well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a man of genius, letters, and active philanthropy; and I am the more desirous to read it, as it will serve to show some things which do not appear in the proceedings of the Convention, and which induced that body to take the course it did. The assertion here made does not admit of a doubt. Lucretia Mott, one of our co-delegates, was of the denomination of Friends here called Hicksite Quakers. The majority of the London committee being Quakers of the Orthodox school, their sectarian prejudices played admirably into the hands of the clerical opponents of woman's free labors for the cause. To gratify their bigotry on one point, they did not scruple to act against their principles by joining in a crusade against the admission of women with those whom on other occasions they call 'hireling priests.'

William Howitt is a member of the orthodox body of Friends, and, in speaking as he does, he acquits himself like a noble-hearted, honest man. [Here Mr. Garrison read the letter from Mr. Howitt.] (Great applause attended and followed the reading of the letter.)

And is it nothing to have WILLIAM HOWITT with us?—Nor are these the only ones who are the consistent advocates of human rights; but many others in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have expressed their dissatisfaction with the limited and restricted character of the meeting. There will never be another such called.

Yet let not slaveholders exult in view of its doings.—Let them know that there was not a dissenting voice in the Convention, on the subject of the guilt of all who participate in slaveholding; and the very injustice and contractedness it exhibited will be, instrumentally, the means of awakening the whole mighty influence of womanhood against slavery.

I wish I had time to lay before you the sentiments of British abolitionists, on the subject of prejudice. Prejudice on account of a man's complexion is unknown to them.—But I leave my bro. Rogers to state some facts illustrative of their feelings toward those whose skin are not colored like their own. Great is their sympathy for you. They will hereafter give us more and more of their co-operation. We shall hear their voice lifted up in unison with ours, as thunder answers to thunder.

We have labored, wherever we went, to excite in the people a sense of what Great Britain owes the world as the exemplar of righteousness, and as the pioneer of human rights. Yes, and I will add, we have 'sifted in' a good many other things too, with our abolitionism. (Laughter.) Temperance for one. We shall see whether it will be brought as a heavy charge against us from our 'new organization' censors, that, in England, we have sifted in 'teetotalism.' And here I am sorry to say, that the abolitionists are not all temperance men in England as they are generally here. It is something of a cross in England for a man to espouse that cause, and I had to bear my testimony against them, in that respect. I know you will not complain that I 'sifted in' that testimony. (Applause.) And then I had to say something about Peace, for oh! I have heard enough of war. My heart cries out with the Scottish poet:

'A dear, happy home this old world would be,
If men, when they're here, would make shift to agree;
And each say to his neighbor, in cottage and hall—
Come, give me your hand—we are brethren all!'

Yes! I have seen enough of 'preparations for war in a time of peace.' I saw, throughout Great Britain, the armaments, and munitions, and fortifications prepared for future bloodshed; I saw her splendid monuments erected in commemoration of all the butchery of foughten fields; and I felt impelled to declare, wherever I went, against every abomination which prevents all men from feeling that they belong to the same common family. I rejoice to say, that *there*, these principles were hailed with joy and received with cheers. The British people are not our enemies.—They deprecate a collision with us. We are one with them in our language, our interests, and our religion. We are one with them in our aspirations for national reform;—and if either nation be reformed at all, her reformers must have sought such a change? Then, they were moral Reformers,—now, they are Politicians.

It is extremely painful to behold men on the "qui vive" for office, their imagination on the rack, subjected to all the anxiety of suspense, acute as it is dark, the *desire of triumph*, the wretchedness attendant upon defeat, the waking of passion vigorous and uncontrollable, and the sullenness of despair, who were once engaged in a conflict with the "giant chief," sustained by an unfaltering trust in God.—There is a great difference between a Moral Reformer and a Politician. The one must of necessity trouble himself with much serving. He is seeking after power. Power is the lever by which he moves slavery off its base, and that power can alone be found in *numbers*. If he cannot count a majority, his labors are worse than useless, unless so far as they tend to give him eventually the majority. It is the democracy that the third party politician must have. On his plan, a minority has no influence. He eschews any influence as absolute, save that of counting heads. The moral reformer summons not the many. Standing on a lofty point, he speaks with the inspiration of truth, and declares in the language of Gerrit Smith, that "the *many* will never join such a cause until they see unequivocal signs of triumph, and that THE MANY we do not want." Who can look upon Mr. Smith's descent without exclaiming—Save me, O God! lest I step in the slippery path, and my heart and conscience fail me. Mr. Smith may make the mighty effort, and keep his heart "stayed on God," but for our life would we not make the venture.

The Syracuse Convention decided that there was a difference between "voting" and "moral suasion." What "moral suasion" was, the Convention did not decide, but voting they declared to be not moral suasion, but the "actual exercise of power itself," thus declaring that power was what they were after, and that they were under religious obligation to wield what they had that it might bring forth fruit. There was a difference of opinion as was said in our report of that Convention, about the use of means to obtain power. Alvan Stewart, who is the life and soul of the third party, who first of any man moved distinct political resolutions, the man who said the third party must have path masters nominated, and it will be done,—the man who has more of the head to plan, and energy to execute, than all the rest put together, told us that "bread and butter must operate as the grand stimulus."§ We quote his words taken down at the time. 'Tis a sad falling off, enough to make one weep.—"Voting," says the Syracuse Convention, "is the actual exercise of power." It is then physical suasion. It is coercive in its character. It appeals to the interests, the passions, the prejudices of men, for it holds out the hope of individual preferment. It seeks to convince only to enable it to drive. It persuades until it is the strongest, and then scorns to ask for that which it can take by force. The sword is the baton of office in the hands of a majority to force the minority to their terms. These, the influences which are to *convert* the slaveholder!—to get his heart right? These, the means by which the world is to see the exemplification of "Christian principle?" Never! On "THAT ROCK" may the "Old Organization" Abolitionists ever stand. It is the "Rock of their salvation." The tempest may howl about it, and the storm may buffet it in its fury; the floods may dash in their strength at its base, and the lightnings play upon its summit,—firm as the everlasting hills it stands secure, for God steadies it with his mighty hand. There we are safe. The blandishments of power, the reverence for reputation, the desire for fame, the shouts of friends, or the hisses of foes, all, fall harmless at the feet of him who stands on the rock of "Christian principle," and prefers the approbation of God to the huzzaings of the triumphant. But who can tell how deep, how damning the fall of him who betrays his trust! The danger arising from such a course as the third party politicians are pursuing, appears clearly evident in the cautiousness they manifest. They are shifting their position slowly but surely, and probably more than one has felt the same embarrassment which William Goodell did, when he could "not tell where he should come out," but groping his way, like a blind man, he has come out at last a thorough party politician.

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

There will be a sober second thought, an hour when conscience will do her office,—for she is a stern monitor,—and when the excitement of an election shall have passed by, there will be many an one who will look upon the business of "making good roads," in order to overthrow slavery, something rather too small for men who for years have stood in the gap between the victim and his ruthless tyrant, and rung in his ears the threatened judgment of an indignant God unless he did works meet for repentance.

Disinterestedness in an individual is necessary always to the continuance of his right moral influence. Without it he cannot maintain his position. If he can be charged justly with "selfishness," or if it can be made probable that sinister ends are what he is after, if to benefit himself is the stimulus that makes him pathetic in his appeals, or tender in his sympathies, he at once feels his power depart from him and becomes like *other men*. Now we do not believe that any man can be perfectly disinterested while he is seeking after *power*. The labor and drudgery of hoisting men into office is of itself sickening enough, when one feels himself unbound by the ties and obligations of, "our party," but when he becomes a partner in the game, to be lost or won, he inevitably feels an excitement proportionate to the value of the *stakes*. If in addition to the interest he has pledged in the party as one of its members, he has an individual interest, such as the winning or losing of an office, it is absurd to suppose that he can maintain a disinterested position.—To suppose it is to suppose the man idiotic. The devil understood this matter when he took Jesus up to an exceeding high mountain, and showed him the kingdoms of the world. He saw that through no avenue like that, could he calculate so hopefully. *Power* would seduce him, if any thing could. So did Jesus understand it when he told his disciples that the "Gentiles exercised lordship," but that it should not be so with them. It would work pride and haughtiness of spirit, confidence in their own strength, and engender forgetfulness of God; and he utterly forbade it. Power tends to its own abuse: as it is unrestricted it is despotic. Like a wild beast unchained, it is dangerous, showing at once its nature. As man comes within its influence it metamorphoses him, and his only safety is in the strength of the barriers with which it is enclosed. Why, then, should an Abolitionist wish to afford grounds for suspicion? Why should he load his cause with this additional burden! It helps him none that he talks of obtaining power that he may "wield it for the preservation of his country and the public good;"—this has always been the plea with those striving for its attainment. Virtue and liberty are the watch words of the foul-mouthed, rotten-hearted, wretched stair climber to office, as well as of the good and the really virtuous. It is of immense importance that we keep ourselves from this appearance of evil.

It is the height of folly to clog our wheels with the monstrous impediment of a political party. The parties already organized are quite sufficient to our purposes. When the pro-slavery voter becomes an Abolitionist, his influence will be felt through the ballot-box. If he is not so convinced of the importance of Anti-Slavery principles as to enable him to vote aright, then he needs the aid of moral suasion; God's truth is the food he needs, not the bracings of a political combination. They only throw his system into an unnatural position, and work damage instead of cure. He is good for nothing, till he can go alone. His moral nature under the nursing of truth, must become so invigorated that he can walk without aid in the performance of his duty, then he is of some use in society—he can be relied upon; otherwise half the time of those with whom he acts is spent in propping him up and aiding him in his progress, when they should be putting forth their every energy. This is the case with the party formed. It is a notorious fact, that their chief arguments in favor of a third party are,—

1st. That no reliance can be placed on either party for succor to the perishing slave. And

2d. That whilst Abolitionists remain in their parties they would vote with the parties.

The first of these positions is not true. It has no fact to sustain it. That both parties are corrupt we are ready to allow, but New-York, with its law for trial by jury, and Massachusetts, with its stern resolves in favor of "immediate emancipation in the District of Columbia," both belie the assertion. Every man who is not blinded by the hope that in this party struggle he is to gain a notoriety which he could gain no other way, can see that the Whigs of New-York, and both parties in Massachusetts, are falsely sworn against. They deserve, like all other men, the credit which is their due. They have done *something*, we ask proof that they will do nothing more. But the argument proves too much if it proves any thing. For we ask, where is this new fangled party that is to sweep slavery from this land as with the besom of destruction, to get its power? It can do nothing till it becomes a majority. It must count up its majority from the ranks of parties that are "so corrupt that they will do nothing for the slave,"—forgetting that these parties are but the ranks themselves. How are they to get these ranks into their possession? There are two ways, 1st. Bribe them with the hope of office, or bring new party influences to bear upon them. 2d. Convert them to the truth. The first would make their party corrupt; the second destroy its necessity.

The object of a party should be to develop its principles; but if the party is composed of such materials that individually no such testimony can be furnished, because they individually give the lie to the idea by voting for men who will not put the principles into practice, how is this testimony to be rendered by the mere huddling of them together? Is there such magic in association? Not it! They may give a testimony of their strength, but not of the truth of their principles. This is of the highest order of testimony and can alone be manifested by *being* them out,—and if individuals will not do it, rely upon it the party will not.—Now the argument is, that these men composing the party, while with the *other* parties, or without *this* party, did not possess sufficient stamina to resist the temptation to vote wrong, and that this made it a solemn duty to form a third one, under whose influences they would be saved from prostituting the ballot-box, or in other words induced to vote right. If this be true, then the object of the party is the inducing men to vote after a certain fashion, not the abolition of slavery, by the exemplification of a great principle in the persons of its members—thus rendering the abolition of slavery a result, instead of a primary object of effort.—And really so loud and vehement has been the cry about the "divinity of human government," and the "sacredness and significancy of the ballot-box," that one would almost think this was their object—to create a superstitious reverence for an institution of their own creation. As if there should be as much of demure look, and solemn, sober, staid demeanor, glassiness of eye, and mental imperturbation, when a man steps up and puts a bit of paper into a little tin box, saying John Doe and Richard Roe are my choice for Path-masters, as a good Catholic feels called upon to exhibit when he eats of the wafer, or kneels before the blessed Virgin. A party composed of such materials is, with few exceptions, made up of mere men of buckram. Compelled to assume their position by extraneous influences, they are starched up, and *look* nice, but the first storm that comes upon them washes out the stiffening, and they are as limsy as wet clothing. For ourselves, we ask not to be united to them in their partisan warfare, and look for their corruption as a certain event.

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* Alluding to a meeting got up by the new organizationists, which was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Colver and Galusha, respecting their visit to England, and the doings of the Convention.

To our Subscribers.—Please look at this!

We wish our subscribers distinctly to understand that their papers are regularly mailed. We also wish our package or single subscribers to remember that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any failure they may chance to meet in the reception of their papers that we send by steamboat or private conveyance. We will direct papers according to orders, but in *no* case will we take to ourselves blame, unless the papers have been ordered to be sent through the post office. *The mail is the proper medium of conveyance*, and surely no individual need feel poverty stricken who gets the Standard at 1 43 or 1 25 cents per copy—that he may have to pay his 50 or 75 cents per year as a postage bill. They may do it and have their papers regularly, or be dependant on steamboat and railroad agents, clerks in anti-slavery offices, or any body else, and get their papers when they are three weeks old, half the time. If Abolitionists knew what poor economy it is to order papers except by mail, it seems to us they would get out of the foolish habit. The disappointment of going over a week is worth a year's postage. Complaints come in upon us on this wise:—"I ordered my paper left at such a place, to be sent by a *tow-boat*;" another by "railroad;" another "at Cornhill;" another "at the anti-slavery office." Well, gentlemen and friends, please to order them by mail and they will come strait, unless the postmaster is careless. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Subscribers to the Emancipator.

Those individuals who subscribed for the Emancipator, as the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the current year, are informed that by making known to our Publishing Agent their preference for this, and their post office address, shall receive the Standard gratuitously for the time they have paid for the Emancipator.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1840.

Truth is our weapon, God our defence.

We feel more and more every day how essentially necessary it is to success that we remain true to that great leading feature of our enterprize, the advancement of our cause by "moral suasion." We know that a goodly number of those who have heretofore relied on the "power of truth," are sick of its inefficiency, and are exchanging it for the "selfishness of the human heart." Truth has become too old fashioned a weapon, and they are, many of them, already taking up with the "wisdom of the world, which is foolishness with God." They are "changed" men, and some of them take delight in it. They can hardly be recognized, so widely have they diverged from those measures in the use of which we found such essential service in the earlier part of the struggle. Once they moved forward in the calmness and self-possession of men, the higher principles of whose nature were aroused to activity in the cause of the suffering and the dumb. Then, their "plan" was in the language of Elizur Wright, Jun., "the Gospel plan," then, they sought "not to abolish slavery by a forced legislation, but to correct that public opinion on which law in a free state was based, then they applied to the subject of slavery the principles of the Bible, *in the spirit of the Bible*,"* then, they sought to effect its destruction, "not by the physical force of the free states,"† then they declared the "GREAT OBJECT *of all their efforts* to be, to get the heart right, and the head would devise the plan," then they besought us not to "touch the POLITICAL DETAILS OF THIS SUBJECT, till the national vision was purged, the NATIONAL CONSCIENCE QUICKENED, and THE NATIONAL HEART PURIFIED."‡ Then they declared, that "they did not summon the many—for the many never muster in such a cause as this, till they see unequivocal signs of its triumph. We do not want the many—but the true-hearted, who are not skilled in the weapons of carnal warfare. We want but one class of men,—be that class ever so small, we want only those who will stand on the rock of Christian principle." And are they not changed! Who would have supposed that five years could have wrought such a change! Then, they were moral Reformers,—now, they are Politicians.

It is extremely painful to behold men on the "qui vive" for office, their imagination on the rack, subjected to all the anxiety of suspense, acute as it is dark, the *desire of triumph*, the wretchedness attendant upon defeat, the waking of passion vigorous and uncontrollable, and the sullenness of despair, who were once engaged in a conflict with the "giant chief," sustained by an unfaltering trust in God.—There is a great difference between a Moral Reformer and a Politician. The one must of necessity trouble himself with much serving. He is seeking after power. Power is the lever by which he moves slavery off its base, and that power can alone be found in *numbers*. If he cannot count a majority, his labors are worse than useless, unless so far as they tend to give him eventually the majority. It is the democracy that the third party politician must have. On his plan, a minority has no influence. He eschews any influence as absolute, save that of counting heads. The moral reformer summons not the many. Standing on a lofty point, he speaks with the inspiration of truth, and declares in the language of Gerrit Smith, that "the *many* will never join such a cause until they see unequivocal signs of triumph, and that THE MANY we do not want." Who can look upon Mr. Smith's descent without exclaiming—Save me, O God! lest I step in the slippery path, and my heart and conscience fail me. Mr. Smith may make the mighty effort, and keep his heart "stayed on God," but for our life would we not make the venture.

The Syracuse Convention decided that there was a difference between "voting" and "moral suasion." What "moral suasion" was, the Convention did not decide, but voting they declared to be not moral suasion, but the "actual exercise of power itself," thus declaring that power was what they were after, and that they were under religious obligation to wield what they had that it might bring forth fruit. There was a difference of opinion as was said in our report of that Convention, about the use of means to obtain power. Alvan Stewart, who is the life and soul of the third party, who first of any man moved distinct political resolutions, the man who said the third party must have path masters nominated, and it will be done,—the man who has more of the head to plan, and energy to execute, than all the rest put together, told us that "bread and butter must operate as the grand stimulus."§ We quote his words taken down at the time. 'Tis a sad falling off, enough to make one weep.—"Voting," says the Syracuse Convention, "is the actual exercise of power." It is then physical suasion. It is coercive in its character. It appeals to the interests, the passions, the prejudices of men, for it holds out the hope of individual preferment. It seeks to convince only to enable it to drive. It persuades until it is the strongest, and then scorns to ask for that which it can take by force. The sword is the baton of office in the hands of a majority to force the minority to their terms. These, the influences which are to *convert* the slaveholder!—to get his heart right? These, the means by which the world is to see the exemplification of "Christian principle?" Never! On "THAT ROCK" may the "Old Organization" Abolitionists ever stand. It is the "Rock of their salvation." The tempest may howl about it, and the storm may buffet it in its fury; the floods may dash in their strength at its base, and the lightnings play upon its summit,—firm as the everlasting hills it stands secure, for God steadies it with his mighty hand. There we are safe. The blandishments of power, the reverence for reputation, the desire for fame, the shouts of friends, or the hisses of foes, all, fall harmless at the feet of him who stands on the rock of "Christian principle," and prefers the approbation of God to the huzza

the words of another, on a different occasion, when speaking of a consummate Jesuit :—

"What a damaged piece this man's conscience must be! I'm all over quaking at thinking of it."

"New Organization" bases the right to speak on *sex*—very democratic! is it not brother Ward?

If a female's rights are dependent upon her sex for their basis, I wonder if brother Ward's is not dependent on his skin. Which would be the most despotic to "gag," brother Ward on account of his color, or brother Ward's wife on account of her shape? What say you? Can your wife change her sex any more than you can your color? Would you call that an Anti-Slavery Society that should incorporate into it as parcel of its principles, a denial of your right to speak, and assign as a reason that you were black? Why then justify or silently countenance a society that strips your wife of her glory, and estimates her value in God's moral universe by her physical conformation. Why one can almost imagine these men adopting the plan of the SLAVE CATCHER at Washington and appraising the value of *your* wife by the breadth of her chest, the brawn of her muscle, and her ability to bear burdens. Rights, dependent on sex! The man that believes it is worse than a savage. Spirit, governed by matter! Bodily shape the ruler and governor of thought! Yet this is New Organization doctrine, for they have decided that *women* have no right to speak in a public meeting, *because they are women*. Now the old society does not attempt to mark out the course which a female *shall* pursue. It admits her on the samo terms as it does others—recollecting that she has a *mouth* and that she may or may not use it as she pleases. The former drags the question before its judgment seat "shakes its ambrosial curls and gives the nod," and every woman within its pale is gagged as summarily as a Turkish criminal ends life by means of the bow-string. The latter gives the woman full liberty to act as conscience may dictate. If the old society made it a term of admission that females *should* speak in promiscuous assemblies, then it would be the antagonist of the other and as sectarian as its opponent, but happily it has never assumed God's prerogative to say who *shall* speak and who *shall* not. It lords it over no individual's conscience, it prescribes no set of measures, except the promulgation of the truth; it erects no giant bedstead on which it stretches its victim to initiate him into its mysteries. It asks but one thing and that is: that the individual should believe in immediate emancipation, and in the sinfulness of slavery. To be sure, the Constitution of the American Society proscribes, among other things, "contribution to its funds," but the auxiliaries few of them have any such conditions. It also says that the means to be used shall be moral, lawful and peaceable.

The common sense of brother Ward will tell him that each individual must be the judge in his own case as to what means were lawful and constitutional, and that no other member or members could, with the least show of justice, undertake to abridge him in the use of his means, provided such individual did not violate the principle of immediate emancipation to which he had given his assent; as, for instance, brother Ward wanted to pray, or join a church, or lecture, or do neither, the society could not impose any conditions or take action on the subject. That this view was originally taken is discernible from the article to which I have called his attention, headed "Old Opinions." So long as the conduct of a member harmonized with the terms by which he obtained the privileges of a member, so long the society could not touch him, he might be infidel and laugh at prayer or a sanctimonious old Pharisee and blaspheme God by his mockeries, or an humble Christian, or a woman, whose soul revolted at the idea of opening her mouth before men, for the out-cast sisters of her land; or a woman, whose soul swelling and heaving as did hers who looked upon her only son as he hung upon the Cross, must cry aloud for very agony, till she had half the Priests of Boston at her trail, doing homage to her splendid intellect and her high moral courage. O, those were days when humanity by the force of its own strength pressed sectarianism heavily, but serpent-like it slimed its own path and crawled out, to sting and benumb the sympathies of many a one who bade fair to run even to the end. Slavery has grown cunning. She finds herself unable to withstand the assaults of freedom alone. She has formed a giant copartnership with sectarianism. If then brother Ward, or any one else, will induce the latter to dissolve the agreement and step out of our way and leave slavery to her fate, as members of Anti-Slavery Societies, we will let her alone. If she will not, we will drive the sword haft deep into her bosom, and she shall go with her paramour howling to the bottomless pit.

JAMES C. JACKSON.

Review of John Rankin, by the Editor of the Philanthropist.

We have given large extracts this week from this review, that our readers may hear both sides of the question of voting, and because we wanted them to see that Dr. Bailey evidently feels Mr. Rankin's position to be a strong one, and one hard to be overthrown by the third party philosophy. If it be the "religious duty of men to vote," and if the object of voting is to "sustain civil government," and if the object of civil government be to protect and defend the interests of the governed, then Dr. Bailoy will find Mr. Rankin's position a strong one. For one, we do not believe that any man can be justified in voting a pro-slavery ticket, and both of the candidates are clearly so. But if "sustaining government" be of such imperative obligation as to forbid the suspension of the right of suffrage under any circumstances, then most clearly must a man do that which is the best under the circumstances. From this no man can get away, except by saying that when he cannot vote so as to elect a *good* man he will suspend action. For one of three things he must do.

1st. Vote with a minority.

2d. Vote with a majority.

3d. Not vote at all.

First question. May a man vote with a party that he knows *must* be in the minority? If so, does the size of the minority make any difference? Suppose there are but ten persons, or ten thousand, do numbers make any alteration in his obligations? If they do, how and wherein? Does a man "sustain civil government" when he votes intentionally with a party that must be at the time in the minority? If he *does not*, where is the difference between the third party minority and those who "scatter their votes," in the matter of sustaining civil government? If a man does "sustain civil government," who votes *intentionally* with what must be a minority at the time, wherein is the superiority of the course of the third party over the "scattering vote" plan, seeing both are minorities, and minorities sustain civil government. Once more, If a man "sustains civil government" who votes to-day with a minority, what hinders him from voting all his life with a minority, and yet all his life sustain civil government?

2d. If a man is *bound* to vote because he is bound to "sustain civil government," and he may not vote with a minority because minorities do not "sustain civil government," is he not bound to vote with the majority? And if the majority is in favor of Harrison, is he not bound to vote with special reference to the will of that majority? or if in his opinion Van Buren will be in the majority, is he not bound to vote for him? If the obligation to vote, arises from the "obligation to sustain civil government," then he must vote with special reference to that end, and act with the majority if he can find which party will be the majority. For if there were no *rulers* there would be no *government*, and if there were no *majorities* there would be no *rulers*, so that he is bound *so to vote as to elect rulers*, that the government may not go to ruin. He cannot elect rulers without voting with the majority. A *ruler* is not *his* without *he* votes for him; if he is, then he "sustains civil government without voting; if he is not, then he is bound to vote with the majority so as to elect him.

3d. If the object of voting is to EXEMPLIFY PRINCIPLES, then the "scattering vote" plan is much more preferable than the the third party plan, inasmuch as individual devotion to great principles is much better proof of individual virtue than proof manifested by combined influence, as it is free from those suspicions which attach more or less to all combinations.

But 4th If the obligation to vote arises from the double obligation of "sustaining civil government," and exemplifying principles, then a man is under obligation *not to cast his vote for any man* who cannot represent in *himself* these *two great interests*, which combined form the basis of a man's obligation to exercise the power of suffrage. So if a man be up for office who will get a majority of votes, and thus be elected, but will fail to represent the great principles which the voter is bound to exemplify, the man cannot properly give him his vote; for although by voting for him he would get a *ruler*, yet he would get an *unrighteous* ruler, as he would fail to represent *officially* great principles, necessary to the healthful existence of the government. This would forbid his voting for Harrison or Van Buren. On the *other* hand, if the obligation to vote grows out of the compound obligation of having *a ruler* and a representation by that ruler, of great principles, and a candidate is up who will exemplify those principles, and stand out as their bold advocate and noble representative, yet if he cannot be elected, he cannot furnish in himself the power to "sustain the government," and the voter, in casting his vote for him, would give proof for love of principles, but would let the government, so far as his agency was concerned, go to ruin.

The only course, then, (taking the ground of the "divine government" men as a premise from which to draw a conclusion,) that a man can pursue, if he follows their philosophy legitimately out, is, under such circumstances, *not to vote at all*.

The object of government is to promote the interests of the governed. If it does not this, it does nothing worth. The *interests* of the governed cannot be promoted while the *rights* of the governed are despised. Interests are dependent upon rights. What is wrong, government ought never to consider as within its protection. Whatever is right is within its scope, and it is under obligation to guard and protect. My right to liberty it is bound to secure to me, so is it to every man. My right to *property* it is bound to guard, individuals nor communities must not invade them. Executives nor citizens must not encroach upon them. The hand of the spoiler must be smitten down nerveless. The obligation of the government to protect me, and my obligation to "sustain the government" are reciprocal. Is this not democratic? Well, we should like to know the difference in the character of the actions, not in the guilt of the individuals, between an *Abolitionist* voting for Harrison and a *Whig* voting for Earle. The former is *pro-slavery* and neglects *liberty*, the latter is in favor of *liberty* but very radical in his ideas of *property*. The one is a pro-slavery *Whig*—the other a *Loco foco* Abolitionist of the most radical stamp. Now liberty is of much more importance than political economy, but please good reader to remember that liberty is not the only thing that the third party is after. It is after right political economy, and none is so absurd as to say that Abolitionism necessarily makes a man a good political economist, if so, it is of wonderful power, reconciling opposite systems of commercial and financial policy and doing what was never done before, producing an union between perfect antagonisms. But we said the third party sought ostensibly not only to obtain *liberty* for the enslaved and protect the liberty of those alrea dy free, but it also sought to protect and secure *all* in the obtainment and maintenance of *all* their other interests, over which government is bound to spread its sheltering wing, so that in voting for a man they are bound to ask, not only whether he is an Abolitionist but whether he has right notions about property, national and individual. If he is wild *here*, no man on the third party philosophy has a right to vote for him; for *protection to property* is part of the business of government, and to "sustain a government" that will take care of all their rights is the object of the party, else how is it any better than the others if it neglects a part of its duties? A man's guilt is not measured simply by the wrong he commits, but by his intention. If he willfully neglects a small right, or fails to exemplify a righteous principle, because the results of wrong-doing may be insignificant in his eyes, the words of the Almighty ring in his ears, "He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."

Now it will not do to say that Abolitionists have no political principles. The whole third party argument is based upon having *principles* and sustaining them through and by the ballot-box. Everything upon which government may legitimately act, is with the third party a legitimate object of protection, with the consideration of which they cannot dispense, for if that which is necessary to the existence and maintenance of government, or even that upon which governmental action is necessary in order to its existence, be laid aside to give prominence to greater interests, then the whole argument is overturned, and Mr. Rankin is planted upon an impregnable position, viz: that of considering and acting in view of the greatest interests, and he cannot be blamed unless he can be shown to have sacrificed greater to lesser interests, and how is this to be done, while, if he voted for Mr. Birney he would fail to "sustain the government," (part of his duty as a voter,) and sacrifice great political principles, which it is his duty to see protected by having them represented in a right ruler, inasmuch as they are fit objects of governmental care, and are not to be neglected; and for all these sacrifices get no equivalent, but the satisfaction of having been *true* to his principles as an Abolitionist, while he sacrificed his principles as a *Whig*, failed to "*sustain the government*," and saw a *ruler elected* whose whole course of action was in open defiance of every principle of political economy which he held dear. Now it is true that in voting for Harrison he *sacrifices* his Abolitionism, as in voting for Earle he *sacrifices* his Whigism; and we also say, as an Abolitionist and a Whig, he has no business to do either. If it is his duty to "sustain government," and right principles through the *government*, he is, if a Whig, bound to refuse to vote for Earle, if an Abolitionist, for Harrison; but if he is bound simply to "sustain government," without reference to principles, then he is bound to choose the least of two evils, and go for Harrison or any body else that can be elected; for a President that is *partly right*, is better than *no* President—inasmuch as "civil government is better than anarchy," or a "live dog is better than a dead lion." For if a man is under a "religious obligation to vote," (and so says the third party,) and "so to vote as to make it tell," he must do the best the circumstances will admit, and cast his suffrage for the man that will do the most good and the least harm, else the scattering system is the best, and the third party a farce.—Such are the legitimate deductions of the principles:

1st. That men are under a "religious obligation to vote."

2d. That they must *so* vote as to sustain civil government.

3d. That the "scattering system" is a waste of power.

4th. That power must be so wielded as to be effective.

5th. That power cannot be effective without *some body* is elected.

We are no partizan of either of the candidates—we think but very little of either of them—and would entreat Abolitionists not to vote for either of them. We advise Abolitionists to "scatter their votes," and not be hood-winked by the cry of the "religious duty to vote," for our own convictions are every day gathering strength that the crusade is quite as much against the Whig party as against slavery. This "Judge Savage" business has opened the eyes of more than one man. Great love for abolitionism truly! to talk of his "pure democratic principles" and the great joy it would give him (the writer) to have Judge Savage as a candidate if he would only say yes! *heartily*. An old Van Buren man, steeped in the very dregs of slavocracy, lived under its killing influence and grown grey in silence, while the blood of the "poor innocents" was washing his footsteps almost. Such a man, the party (if Joshua Leavitt is a fair representative of its feelings) would have accepted for its candidate for Governor, if he would only have accepted the nomination *heartily*. We think if they had gotten him he would have vied with either of the candidates of the other parties. He could not say perhaps that he had ever said any thing *in favor* of slavery, but he might have assured the public that, up to the time of his acceptance, they could not point to a line of his embodying a sentiment *against* it.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sights in a City.

MR. EDITOR—It is as much as a man's life is worth to travel about this city, the great Babylon of the United States, and behold the utter disregard which people manifest for each other's interests. New-York is made up of all classes and conditions of people. The over-grown aristocrat, who lives on his "goods laid up for many years;" the man of wealth, and the man of competence; the poor man, the the wretched; the white, the black; the honest and dishonest; the male, the female; the Pole, the Swede, the German, the Swiss, the Irish, the English; the Scotch, the Turk, and the sons of Ishmael; and more, as many more, as one can count; all mingling and commingling, passing and re-passing; hustling by each other; all careful, anxious, excited, some making money, some spending it, some full of thought about office, and how many votes they shall get, some whether they shall be nominated for office, others, whether their party will beat in the coming strife. Some drunk, some sober, some ragged, some clad in the richest broad cloth; but all, almost, seem determined to recognize no bond of union but interest. The merchant meets the merchant on change and passes him by, or greets him as interest may demand. The politician grasps the hand of his fellow-man, or steps scornfully by him, as the welfare of his political party may require.

Let us take a "bit of a walk," and glance our eye over this sea of human beings coming into collision like the opposing waves of the Ocean. Look over the way. There lies a man upon whom "Death & Co." have been to work. He is "dead drunk." He may have been the son of his father's hopes, the cherished of his mother. His life was full of brightness, and buoyant was his tread as he leaped upon the platform of his majority to work his way up life's steep ascent, till he should stand upon its summit. Who can tell the intensity of feeling that throbbed in that bosom, the sensitiveness to wrong, the response daily rendered up to virtue, the successful buffeting of the tide of vice which threatened to bear him on its broad bosom to ruin, during the first years of his manhood. Who can tell how silly the monster crept upon him and almost imperceptibly wound him in his toils, till his strength had left him, and effort at escape was vain. None knoweth, no, not even the victim himself, so long has he steeped his reason, judgment and conscience in sin, that memory unprotected has surrendered her trust and he lives in the realm of forgetfulness. God can alone know and has alone recorded his struggles for deliverance and he alone has the power to punish those who led away from the path of happiness, this creature of his handiwork. Alas, thou art "more sinned against than sinning," and thy trouble will be soon over on earth. A few days more and thou wilt have a burial and be forgotten.

But who is this? A woman! with bloated face, sunken eye, and withered heart; she stands the victim of "civilized society." Her history, who can read it? Who will slip aside the veil from the past, and let us read. She may be the only daughter of one of the first families in the country adjacent. Wooed, betrayed, deserted, her days have been spent in the haunts of vice, and a cloud of blackness has covered the light from her path. She *too* is marked for the grave. Death has set his seal upon her—the strong, the healthy, the rich, the proud, the professor of religion, and the minister, shun all contact with her. God alone remembers that he made her, angelic and lovely, and that man made her what she is. And few beside her Maker pity her.

"O man, thou art a fiend in human shape, thus to
Forget a creature in distress."

That is an Irishman that has just passed us. Oppressed, degraded, sensual, and passionate; he, by nature, had a heart "large as creation;" but oppression has made him almost mad. Seated in his hut, the glories and beauties of America fell upon his ear as the wind of summer played about him, and roused the dormant spirit of his manhood. The spirit of freedom lighted up her flame upon his heart as an altar, and he bowed and worshipped. Quick as thought he gathered up his all, his wife and children, and with a long, lingering look bade farewell to his own green isle of Erin, where to him all that is rich in history and that is memorable in association, and that is patriotic dwelleth; and where lieth the bones of his fathers and his fathers fathers. All are forsaken for a land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The broad billows of old Ocean bring him to New-York, and six weeks residence destroys the enchantment. The treatment he receives from the "democratic republicans of democratic America," awakens him slowly but surely to the fact that he is looked upon as a being specially fitted to build rail-roads and dig our canals, and his heart dies within him. He twines his Shamrock and our Rose together, but the "Rose has thorns."—You can see by the sorrow in his eye that his "vision" hath passed away and that liberty to him is but an empty name.

Come with me, dear reader! Do you see that man standing at the corner of the "Egyptian Tombs!" Look at him steadily; see how abstracted he is. He sees nothing—hears nothing—feels nothing of what is immediately around him. His heart is far away amid the hills of his motherland. His thoughts are traveling swiftly to the days of his boyhood, when his ear heard the song of Freedom—sweet and heavenly—when his grand-sire told him of the battles that he fought in his youth, that Liberty might hold an unmolested abode in their fastnesses. He is thinking of his mother, now perchance in her grave, or if not, mourning his absence;—she who warmed his spirit into life, and led his steps up to manhood. Mayhap he is collecting around his father's hearth-stone his brothers who sleep in their cold beds, the victims of a tyrant's power. There is an air of sadness about him, of grief, of deep and pungent disappointment. He is in the "land of Freedom" to find it slave-ridden, despotic, wicked; to find vice stalking abroad unrebuked, law oft times prostrated, manhood despised, wealth courted, office sought, and power worshipped. Hear him as with a "full heart," he exclaims of his native land:—

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these, deep in my heart
With a pure passion? Should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings, for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below
Gazing upon the ground with thoughts that *dare not* glow."

That man is a banished Pole, and he feels that this land is not his home.

See there! Did you notice that man who so carefully and still passed round yonder corner? What! that dark man with a female by his side? Yes. That man and woman are victims of American Republicanism They walk and talk, eat, drink, (and would sleep if they durst) like other human beings. They are susceptible to joy and grief as others; but they are "chattels personal" in America. Where the blood of the valiant has flowed in streams for freedom, they were slaves. "Slaves in a land of light and law;" changed by the all-powerful influence of American democracy from creatures made in the image of God, to creatures fashioned after the similitnde of the brute, Darkness to them is a covering, day-light a terror. Their asylum, if discovered in this city, is a prison where their tread is measured like the galley slave; their song of freedom is attuned to the fell stroke of the hard woven lash as it buries itself in their flesh at every blow. Their rejoicings over their birth, are like Job's, when the hand of God lay heaviest upon him; their education is the picking of cotton; their moral culture to obey submissively; the object of their worship, a fellow mortal like themselves. God speed their way to the land of Kings! who professing less of liberty, enact less of tyranny. There they can slough their slave skin and come forth, clad in the beauty and freshness of renewed youth, and say each of them, as they look back on the land just left,

"Have I not,
Hear me my mother Earth! behold it Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey."

But what have we here? A funeral, and in a "Sailor's Home!" Ah, the poor sailor, is he a man? New-Yorkers do not think so. A sailor is a *sailor*, as a nigger is a nigger, and an Irishman an Irishman, and a foreigner a foreigner. But let us step in. How neat! how still! there lies the *all* that is left of the poor sailor. His home is is no longer upon the mountain wave—it is on the boundless sea of Eternity. He was a man, perhaps neglected, and despised in his sickness. O, no! In this case it was not so. He died calmly and sweetly among those that loved him—loved him for his meekness, loved him for the perfect and unfeigned resignation with which he bore from day to day the progress of his disease; and as the dew drops of death gathered on his brow, and his pulse grew unsteady, his eye grew brighter at the thought that he was going to a home eternal in the heavens; where his Maker would not scorn him as his creatures had oft done, nor shut up the sympathies of his mighty heart, as his spirit came before him to be clothed upon with unfading immortality. How little is thought of the *sailor!* Man forgets his manhood in his occupation. In this representation there is no fiction. The individual alluded to was buried this morning, August 27th. He died at the "Sailor's Home," a temperance boarding house, kept by Capt. Gelston in Cherry st. He was the son of a former President of the Bank of Montreal, and wild and daring in his youth he became a seaman. He became a good man about eighteen months since, and adorned his life by a godly walk and conversation. His disease was consumption, and he passed away most peacefully. We could not help thinking how true to her own spirit Christianity was, what indubitable evidence she gave of her own existence and truthfulness when she awoke in the bosoms of those attending him a spirit that led them to recognize in the suffering sailor a brother *man*. It is forgetfulness of this great truth, that causes so much misery. When men shall become convinced that time, nor place, nor circumstance, nor condition, can affect the claim of an individual to brotherhood, then will degradation and vice, caste and prejudice, slavery and oppression, flee away, and the world be filled with love and peace, and God shall be all and in all. How long, Lord? O how long?

KAPPA.

From the Herald of Freedom.

NORWICH, Conn. Aug. 7, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER PILLSBURY:—

BE FAITHFUL. I feel impelled to say to you—in the name of God and the slave, swerve not one hair's breadth from the straight and narrow path. The cause of human rights is now in the hands of true-hearted abolitionists.—God has made them the ark of the covenant—the sacred repository of the hopes of mankind. While a pro-slavery church and ministry are left to believe a lie that they might be damned, and are doing homage to the dark spirit of slavery and are in fast fellowship with robbery, adultery and every abomination—while a hypocritical and piratical government, with the Declaration, that all are created free and equal, in one hand, and a slave-driver's lash in the other, is, in conjunction with the church and ministry, annually immolating eighty thousand of God's free born children on the altar of our "patriarchal and christian (!) institution" and with its iron heel of tyranny, is treading out the hearts and lives of millions—and while foes without and traitors within are endeavoring to cut down the flag-staff of the abolition enterprise—it behooves the elect, the chosen and anointed ones, to stand firm and true to the principles of freedom. They should be baptized into abolition—the principle should go down into their soul and become an essential element of their moral nature. They should be abolition *incarnate*—every one being a *test question*, a *living* epistle, his speech "should bewray him to the world every day,—with heart of steel, and neck of iron, and brow of brass toward all hollow-hearted professors, toward all apologists for slavery, and toward all who keep silence. The "dumb dogs" are now among freedom's deadliest enemies. Slavery wants, at this juncture, no better advocates than the silence and neutrality of northern ministers and politicians.

The new organizers in this State are trying to lower the standard, to smooth and polish abolition truth to suit the appetites of pro-slavery ministers and demagogues. They are more solicitous about numbers than principles. They refuse to apply their principles to pro-slavery ministers and politicians—to a church and State in league with fraud and oppression. They love their pro-slavery church, more than truth—reverence the corrupt maxims and usages of the world, more than human rights—are more devoted to Van Buren and Harrison, than to the slave—and fear their time serving ministers about as much as they fear God. When asked to say, no abolitionist can vote for Van Buren or Harrison without treachery to principle, they answer—"we shall not sail under the Garrison flag;" and when asked to say, that duty to God and the slave demands that no man should be received and supported as a christian minister,—who apologizes for slavery or who refuses to bear his pulpit testimony against it, they say, "you will provoke the clergy, you would destroy the church and ministry." The Clergy wont come up to them, so they go down to the Clergy, determined to get them in at any rate. They seem to act on the principle that no just principles can be propagated without the Clergy—that no righteous cause can be sustained in opposition to them—that the principles of justice and humanity must go as the Clergy say. What infidelity! The Clergy in the path-way of eternal truth, are like straws in the way of a tornado—like the wilderness in the path-way of Jehovah. Before Abolition principles the Clergy are like the magicians of Egypt beneath the footsteps of God. They as a body will never come into the Anti-slavery cause while it is managed by *laymen*. Unless they come in, in their *pontifical* robes, they will not come at all. As *men*—never. They are *clergymen*—nothing else—and only on condition of being called "rabbi" and sitting in the uppermost seats will they touch abolition.

There is a combination in this State among the clergy to get this holy cause of human rights into their hands, and they are using New-Organizers as their *cat's paw*. They go about it warily. They say,—cast out the women—we won't work with the women to heal the broken-hearted slave. Let them all perish rather. Out go the women—the most efficient part of our host. Cease to apply your principles to the church and ministry and the ballot box.—Yes, we won't sail under the Garrison flag, exclaims "Major Domo" Ludlow with his new-organized brethren. They call for a change in that article of the constitution which declares slavery to be a sin under *all* circumstances; then, says Rev. Mr. Sprague of Hartford, the clergy will come in. Very well is the response—we will only say slavery is a sin—a very naughty thing and that it ought to be done away with as quick as it can any way in the world.—There is one more sacrifice,—disband anti-slavery societies and let the church manage the whole matter, then ministers will act—for then it will all be in their hands. Now, may Heaven preserve the cause of abolition from the control of pro-slavery—time serving ministers and politicians. They blight and curse every righteous cause they touch

To conciliate ambitious and pro-slavery ministers and politicians, the new-organizers have made war upon the essential rights of half mankind. They wrest from half the human race the right to raise hand and voice for God and the slave as conscience shall dictate, merely because God made them *women! They gag women.* I would no more stand in their place than in that of a slaveholder. Will the time-serving, women gagging clergy, who love stipend and power better than the principles of humanity, join their ranks!—Will corrupt politicians, who may be bought by a *ballot* come in? Never—till converted.

Are you ready, my brother, not only to be bound but to *die* for Abolition! To cast your reputation into that sepulchre in which the American church and republic have entombed three millions of God's immortal children! Into that tomb of living death to the soul! Are you ready to lay all opposing prejudices, parties and institutions on the altar of principle, and to say let God be true though all men are liars! Such are the men and women now wanted to navigate the Abolition ship. That gallant ship is now tempest-tossed and driven. The winds howl through her rigging. Mountain billows dash around her. All around her are stationed deadly enemies—pouring into her their broadsides, and in her are traitors ready to blow her up. The fearful, the time-serving, the carnally minded are useless now. Storm-proof spirits, who, self-possessed and serene can look upon the face of the tempest and stand erect and undaunted amid bursting thunderbolts, are wanted.

Thank God, they are on hand. Their souls are freed from sectarian and party shackles. They walk by faith.—They count all things loss. They are armed with the mind of Christ and they carry about in their bodies *daily* the dying of the Lord Jesus. Our contest is—not for social organizations in church or State, but for principle,—and our motto is—*triumph to truth, not to men.* Truth is with us, and all social combinations and prejudices and usages, that stand in its way, must be dashed in pieces and consumed. Old Organization Abolition will stand, calm amid storms; undaunted and unscathed amid livid lightnings of slavery, prejudice, sectarianism and clerical domination;—beautiful amid deformity; pure amid pollution; erect and graceful amid surrounding ruins; fruitful amid the desert; a pillar of light amid darkness. A steady beacon casting strong light over the dark waters of slavery. The Divinity is in abolition as embodied in the Old Society and it can no more be moved than the eternal throne. I know this storm will pass away and cover with shame those by whom it was raised.

Be faithful, then, dear brother—faithful to God—faithful to Humanity. Lose not sight of *principle* in your regard for organizations in church or state. *Principles* are of God, immutable, eternal; *organizations* are of men, mutable, temporal. *Principles* are the heaven-ordained means to regenerate and redeem the world; benevolent, church, and governmental *organizations* are means of human device, to sustain and give efficacy to those principles. When they become a hindrance to those principles, let them be annihilated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is with you, Let truth, pure abolition truth thunder amid your hills—its echoes leaping from cliff to cliff—till the Genius of liberty shall be aroused from her granite bed and go forth to summon the abolition host to the last conflict between despotism and freedom. Let the granite sons and *daughters* of your granite State come forth from your granite hills and strike for God and the oppressed—but let your weapons be *only* spiritual. If blood must flow in this warfare, may it come from our veins. Thy Brother,

H. C. WRIGHT.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

"Light for the People!"

Has been emblazoned, week after week, upon the "New organization" political journals! Light for the people, forsooth!!

What light! To demonstrate that independent third party organization is a religious duty! That we are to have our secret caucusing—our primary meetings—our town and county and State political conventions! That we are to have our *regular* ticket, from the hog reave to the President! Throughout villages, towns, counties, states and nation? "Light for the people," indeed! Hitherto we have groped our gloomy way along amid darkness, doubts and fears, the derision of fools, and the wise man's pity.

But a new era has dawned upon us, the brilliant scintillations flash athwart our vision as rapid and as dazzling as the lightnings' vivid glare. The darkness of the past is clearly revealed, the pitfalls and quagmires now lay open to our view, our circuitous path, like that of the Bark Mill horse, is fully understood, and the cause of our inefficiency, the want of a thorough political organization, presents itself to every man's judgment.

The vain and pusillanimous efforts, hitherto in operation, which have resulted in simply carrying conviction to thousands of southern minds of the sinfulness of slavery, and been the direct procuring cause of the emancipation of some hundreds of the enslaved, we now discard and refer, with all their deception and false gloss, to those who in the pursuit of a high and holy object, will use righteous means alone to attain it. From such, we withdraw our confidence. Expediency opens to us a more flowery popular path, where we like Israel of old, have a "king, like all the nations."—"Party" now leads us out to battle, and the war cry of "Freeman's Ticket;" "Independent Nominations;" infuses life and vigor into the timid and faint-hearted.

And ere the first onset is made, behold the effect of political organization upon pro-slavery clergymen of the north, and slaveholding Editors of the south. The one rallies beneath our "broad banner," the other most graciously supplicate "send us an exchange"!!!

Wonderful "Light." Surpassing the splendor of the noonday sun, let its effulgent rays penetrate and scatter the darkness that until "fools' day," enveloped the abolition mind, then shall our high anthems swell to those who upon that auspicious day, led the van in drawing off from the simplicity of their object, the true hearted friends of the slave to follow in the train of political demagogues and aspirants.

X. Y. Z.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

From the St. Augustine News, August 21.

Indians.—On the 12th instant two men were fired upon at Hope's, seven miles from Micanopy, and Smart killed, and Lerien badly wounded in both his legs.

Shortly after, Indians made their appearance at Fort Crane, carrying off corn from the fields, and firing at two of the citizens, wounding both of their horses. The men escaped.

On the 13th instant they fired upon a body of soldiers at McIntosh's field; two of the soldiers killed, and one wounded. The Indians numbered from 60 to 100. They were pursued closely by upwards of a hundred men from Micanopy and the adjoining posts, under Capt. Bonneville; the trail leading to the Ocklawaha.

Portions of five or six families have been murdered near the Georgia line.

On the night of the 8th instant, at 11 o'clock, Lieut. B. H. Arthur, commanding at Fort Barker, Cook's Hammock, Middle Florida, with a detachment of his company (E, 1st Infantry) surprised a party of three Indians, about seven miles from the fort on the road to Tallahassee, and killed two instantly; the other ran into the hammock, and it being very dark he could not be found. The next morning there was a shower of rain, which washed away all traces of his trail. He is probably dead, as he appeared to be badly wounded; he fell several times while running away.

A murder of four persons named Cosey, took place by Indians, at New River, on Tuesday the 11th instant, near Thigpen's Station. The trail crossed the Black Creek and Fort Harlee road. The family had but lately removed from Georgia. Lieut. May, 2d Dragoons, and Lieut. Hanson, 7th Infantry, started in pursuit.

On the 26th ult., as privates M'Dowall and Hartigan, of Company K, 3d Artillery, were proceeding from Fort Lauderdale to the river, they were fired upon by Indians, and both severely wounded. The white flag was flying from the staff of the garrison at the time, and the men were within gun shot of its folds. They will both recover.

A negro of Jack Hope's, hunting for birds near Mr. Hope's plantation, on the Alachua Prairie, came unexpectedly upon five Indians. He discharged his double barrelled gun at them, killing one and wounding another. The Indians took to their heels and the negro also. The body was found, and the wounded trailed a long distance.

The garrison at Fort Dallas had white flags stuck out in different directions; when the men were cutting wood, the Indians tore up the flags in strips.

A good deal of sickness exists at Black Creek, and several cases have terminated fatally.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

CANTON, April 13, 1840.

We have advices from the United States per Akbar to 16th November, and from England per mail via India to 4th December. The intelligence brought of high prices of teas and other produce of China on both sides the Atlantic, and the apparent determination of the British Government to proceed with rigorous measures against the Chinese, have produced a very considerable effect upon our market, both for imports and exports. Our English neighbors outside have disembarked from their ships and are quietly residing at Macao, the local government seeming to have relinquished of late their attempts to force them to leave that place. The arrival of H. M. ship Druid, of 44 guns, makes the British force now here sufficient for the protection of persons and property of British subjects outside. The Chinese are expecting the arrival of a British fleet and troops, but, as far as we can see and hear, they have full confidence in their ability to maintain their own ground, either in negotiation or in actual warfare. In the mean time the trade at present carried on by the American resident here is subject to constant interruptions upon the most frivolous and absurd pretences; additional duties and taxes are levied from time to time, upon both imports and exports, and we cannot anticipate either safety or regularity to our trade in future, until some means shall have been found to get from the Imperial Government some sort of a commercial treaty whereby we may be relieved from the arbitrary exactions of the local authorities.

Powder Mill Explosion.—The explosion—which was so sensibly felt in this town, about a quarter past 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, was occasioned by the blowing up of the powder mills at Exeter, N. H. situated about two miles from the village. The buildings destroyed were two in number, each one story high. One of them, in which probably the first explosion took place, was the kerneling or glazing mill, and contained about one ton of powder; the other was a press mill, contiguous, and contained about half a ton. No persons were in or near the mills at the time, the machinery being so arranged as to work of itself, by night as well as by day, with very little attendance. The man whose business it is to look occasionally upon the mills, had left them but a few minutes before, and had not reached his house, which is about 50 rods distant. The site of the destroyed buildings, is swept completely clean as if a huge broom had passed over it, and the twisted and broken timbers, as large as a man's body, with innumerable small pieces of boards, &c. are strewed far and wide around. The houses of two of the men employed by the company, are about 50 rods distant, and in these the glass is all broken, but no other damage done. The other houses nearest the mills, (about a quarter of a mile distant) sustained no injury.

The explosion was probably caused by the friction of some part of the machinery.—*New Haven Herald.*

The Africans of the Amistad.—We gather the following facts concerning these unfortunate persons from the Connecticut Observer:

They are now at Westville, two or three miles from New Haven, where they have the benefit of the open air. Perfect health prevails among them. Thirty-six of them are yet alive, and a more cheerful healthy set of men can no where be found. In learning to read, they exhibit indefatigable perseverence. Study is the main business of the great majority of them. The more advanced are able to read the New Testament very intelligibly. They are rapidly learning to speak our language; and some of them have recently commenced writing. Their mental powers are fully equal to those of our own race. With one or two exceptions, they all have active minds, and are quick, shrewd and intelligent. Gratitude is a marked trait in their character, and they express it in the liveliest manner. They possess deep and warm affections. Their love of Africa and home is very strong: in reply to a question put to two of the most intelligent of their number, the instant and deep feeling answer was, "Tell the American people that we very, *very* much want to go home." "Poor fellows! who can doubt it?" They are also uncommonly susceptible of religious impressions. The truths of the Bible they have already learned, exert a greater or less influence on all of them. To a great extent they are in the habit of daily social prayer, and over some of them, a sense of right exerts a controlling influence. They came here savages: but by the Divine blessing on the labors used with them they are now becoming civilized, and it is hoped Christian men.

Expense is incurred in their instruction. The Committee appointed to provide their instruction is already in debt, and need the aid of the Christian community. Shall they not have it? Are there not many who will deem it a privilege to assist in redeeming them from intellectual and spiritual bondage, and preparing them to become heralds of salvation to their countrymen? Who knows, but God in his wise and holy Providence has thrown them upon our hands for the very purpose of making them his most honored ambassadors to the dark continent of Africa! Present indications certainly encourage such an expectation. Amos Townsend of New Haven is Treasurer of the Committee—and any funds committed to him will be faithfully appropriated.—*Watchtower.*

CAMDEN, Aug. 22.—*Hail Storm.*—We were visited on Saturday afternoon last, about three o'clock, with a most violent storm of wind, rain and hail. The particles of hail were not very large, but they fell "thick as autumnal leaves in Valambrosa." A considerable quantity of the foilage was stripped from our shade trees, and some glass broken in such windows as were most exposed to the fury of the storm. We have not heard of any place out of Camden where there was any hail on the occasion referred to.

The Crops.—During the week we have conversed with several gentlemen, who have travelled considerably in the up country, and they concur in stating that the crops of Corn are finer than they have known them to be in twenty years. Large fields which produced last year but little more than the seed planted, have now the appearance of rich river bottoms. They report less favorably of the cotton crop; the stalks have grown very large, but there is hardly a prospect of an average crop.—*Jour. Com.*

Very Late from Texas.—The Baltimore Patriot received the following in a slip brought by a passenger in the brig Empressario, at that port from Galveston, Texas. The editor of the Courier doubts the truth of the letters:

From the Galveston Daily Courier, Extra, Aug. 12.

The following letter addressed to us "with despatch" came to hand yesterday, with the following endorsement on the back—"Will Mr. Pinckard see this delivered immediately as it contains important news from the Frontier!"

Sunday morning, Matagorda, Aug. 9, 1840. To *A. Shepherd*—

Dear Sir—Capt. Hanson has just arrived from Linnville, and states that he saw Linnville in flames, and an army of 2,500 Mexicans and Cherokee Indians, Capt. Watts and Maj. O'Neil

POETRY.

The Dying Hebrew's Prayer.

A Hebrew knelt, in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver white,
And his blood was thin and old!
He lifted his looks to his latest sun,
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done!—
And as he saw God's *shadow* there,
His spirit poured itself in prayer!

"I come unto death's second birth,
Beneath a stranger air,
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
As all my fathers were!
And men have stamped me with a curse,—
I feel it is not *Thine*.
Thy mercy—like yon sun—was made
On me as them—to shine;
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye
Through that, to thee—before I die!

"In this great temple built by thee,
Whose altars are divine
Beneath yon lamp that, ceaselessly,
Lights up thine own true shrine,
Oh! take my latest sacrifice—
Look down and make this sod
Holy as that where, long ago,
The Hebrew met his God!

"I have not counted the widow's tears,
Nor dimned the orphan's eye,
I have not stained the virgin's years,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry;
The songs of Zion in mine ear,
Have ever been most sweet,
And always, when I felt thee near,
My "shoes were off my feet!"
"I have known Thee in the whirlwind,
I have known Thee on the hill,
I have loved Thee in the voice of Birds,
Or the music of the rill!
I dreamt Thee in the shadow,
I saw Thee, in the light,
I heard Thee, in the thunder-peal,
And worshipped, in the night
All beauty while it spoke of Thee,
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bow'd within itself,
To hear Thy "still small voice!"
I have not felt myself a thing,
Far from Thy presence driven,
By flaming sword or waving wing,
Shut out from Thee and Heaven!

Must I the whirlwind reap, because
My father sowed the storm?
Or shrink—because *another* sinned—
Beneath thy red right arm!
Oh! much of this we daily scan,
And much is all unknown;
But I will not take my curse from *man*,
I turn to Thee alone!
Oh! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh! forgive,
And what is broken heal,
And cleanse my nature from above,
In the deep Jordan of thy love.

"I know not if the Christian's heaven
Shall be the same as mine.
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to thine!
I wander on a far, dim strand,
Whose mansions are as tombs,
And long to find the father land,
Where there are many homes!
Oh! grant, of all thy starry thrones,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May love thee from afar!
Where all earth's myriad harps shall meet,
In choral praise and prayer.
Shall Zion's harp—of old, so sweet—
Alone, be wanting there!
Yet, place me in thy lower seat,
Though I—as now—be there,
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest;
But let me see and hear,
From some dim mansion in the sky,
Thy bright ones, and their melody!"

The Lady Bug and the Ant.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The lady bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-drest ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn—
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled on
At the same industrious pace.
But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow:
Her wings were chilled, and her feet were cold,
And she wish'd for the ant's warm cell,
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all, like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride:
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than to be idle and dress in silk.

Uncertainty of Life.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower,
Each season has its own disease,
Its perils every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's sudden day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age,
Halt feebly toward the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage
And dream of days to come!

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Town and Country.

We are now in the very midst of the season when a sultry day produces debility, lassitude, and all kinds of uncomfortable sensations. If people are not driven away by the exhalations of our streets and gutters during the first two weeks of August, they may be considered proof for the whole year. During these two weeks there are probably more people absent from the city than at any other period. Courts are adjourned, offices left in charge of the boys, houses shut up, and nearly all business suspended, except at the few stores where the fall trade begins thus early to wake up, or at the daily newspaper offices, where "there is no rest for the wicked" through summer's heat or winter's cold.

Travelling to the springs, the mountains, the falls, or some part of the country in the course of the dog days has become a fashion as well settled and as indispensable as moving on the first day of May. The motives too are just about as various; some go for one thing, some for another, but all must go, if for no other reason than to keep from losing caste in good society.

A few days since we found ourselves, in obedience to the general impulse, on board of one of the princely Hudson river boats, the "Albany," wending our way to the green hills, the wild woods and pleasant streams of the country. The decks were thronged, as usual at this season, with some hundreds of passengers, comprising all ages and sexes, among whom were the gayest of the gay as well as the gravest of the grave. We selected one solitary friend, "The Knickerbocker," to sit with us in a quiet corner, and be the sole companion of our voyage—and a most entertaining companion we found the venerable old Dutchman. Adapting his discourse with great propriety, to time, place and circumstances, he commenced by giving some excellent and philosophic "Lessons of Town and Country." The contrast which he drew between the two contained many truths that are often forgotten.

The country is praised by the invalid for its pure air; by the merchant and professional man for its quiet; by the victim of artificial life for its simple pleasures; and the ruined speculator, forced at last to obey the universal law of nature can turn to it and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. But then the town has advantages better in many respects than pure air, green fields, tranquillity and naturalness.—There are its libraries; its trophies of art; its music; its paintings; its statutes. There are higher forms of intellectual life in town; the demand for genius and learning, and the supply. Society, the great sharpener of mind is ever whetting in her armory the keenest weapons for her battles and tournaments. Then there are the noble charities of town; its hospitals for the sick; its houses of industry for the poor; of reformation for the bad; its asylums for the insane, the blind, the widow, and the orphan.

Country people breath a pure air, and they are healthy. They have good food, and work, and they are strong. They have little money, and they are prudent. They are moral, for they do not fall into temptation, which do not beset them. They are simple, for they do not indulge in pleasures, which they cannot get. But is there not satire as well as truth in this? Are men to be praised for circumstances over which they have no control? Did they make the pure air and green fields? And does not the same skin which is bronzed by a country sun bleach in the city shade? Do not the bones and the sinews, which strengthen and toughen in wielding the axe, and driving the plough, grow flaccid and puny when chained to the counter and caged in the office?

The human heart, too—is it not the same both in town and country? Would not its evil passions be developed in either place, provided the opportunities and temptations were alike? Set down in the plainest country village the seductions, the rivalries, and the wealth of our large cities, and how long will it be before that village will emulate in iniquity great Babylon itself.

The advantages and opportunities of the country are only good therefore as they stimulate men to improve them, and through them to grow wiser and better; to gain juster views of life, and more faithfully to fulfil its duties. As means of escape from toil; as mere refuges for idleness;—as stalls to fatten in, grow sleek, lazy, stupid and selfish, the pleasant pastures of country life are for cattle not men.

The country has the best opportunities, and to a mind disposed to think, it offers the strongest motives for studying the natural sciences. The yeoman would find his interest promoted in an extraordinary degree, by gaining a scientific knowledge of geology; searching out the secrets of his grasses, mosses, and plants; learning the names, habits and qualities of animals; in short, reading attentively the whole book of nature which lies open before him, referring at the same time to the eminent writers upon the subject. But the strong motive of interest is not the only one; these studies tend to liberalize the mind, to free it from intolerance and unworthy prejudices; to open to it a noble, wide and happy field for contemplation. There is also in the country abundant leisure for such studies; but how seldom is it improved. The mind is too often permitted to rust and become contracted, the effect of which is much worse than that of its wear and tear.

Upon the whole we find things to admire and things to deplore, both in town and country.—Neither one nor the other is all good or all evil. It should be the desire and the effort of all to separate the gold from the dross in both places. It must be admitted that the opportunities for becoming wise are greater in the country than in the city. What is most wanted is a disposition to improve them. Such a disposition is evidently becoming more and more widely diffused. Science with its startling discoveries is sending home to the heart with new force the voice of nature. The light of truth is gradually breaking through the clouds of ignorance and prejudice.—The minds of men, strengthened by every advancing step, are grappling with all obstructions in their way; this increasing mental action will run slowly but surely through every avenue of society, both in town and country, and its results will be alike happy and illustrious. But one thing is to be remembered. Before all acquisition of knowledge, the debt of duty is to be discharged to the last farthing. Learning can make a pedant; science a philosopher. But he who does his duty, no matter how humble it be, secures the name and reward of a wise man.

Such is the substance, very briefly and imperfectly given, of the long talk with which our friend entertained us on our jaunt to the country. We hope he has repeated it in the ears of all the good people whom he has encountered in his rural rambles.—*Sun.*

The First and Last Visit to the Dram Shop.

Timothy Truesdall is the name we shall assign to a very worthy, thriving and industrious mechanic of New-York, who was a burthen to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large; in short, one of the most shameless and abandoned drunkards that ever took the measure of an unmade grave in a Gotham gutter. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by the Temperance, or the Tract, or any other Society. Their labor was lost on Tim, who would have uncorked the bottle amidst the quakings and thunder of Mount Sinai, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius. It was woman's love that cured him, and all women may get a just idea of their own importance in society, from his story.

Though he had a wife and five beautiful children, Tim seemed to be unconscious of the fact. He neglected his work, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller and smaller, and spent his time at the pothouse, till the nigh prostration of all his faculties, or the distasteful words "No more trust!" warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school, because learning was dear and rum was cheap; the landlord dunned for his rent, and Mrs. Truesdall was obliged to keep the house, because she had no dress fit to appear abroad, having pawned the last to pay the last fine imposed on her spouse by the Police Court. Misery, utter destitution and famine, stared the unhappy family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate the picture, even had we room and inclination.

Mrs. T. was a heroine, though not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of her children, the gripe of famine, and the railing of the drunkard, without repining. Never had her exertions slackened; never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched for his coming, and when he did come, drunk, as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a murmur of reproach. At last, her courage well nigh exhausted, she resolved upon one last desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand and bent her steps to the groggery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window and there he sat, in the midst of his boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth, and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk. Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr. Truesdall's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babes, stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy toddy, and then sat down by his side.

"What the d—l brings you here, Mary?" said he morosely.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek wife. "There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!" She took up the glass of alcohol.

"Surely, you are not going to drink that?" asked Tim in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!" cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food and clothing; drink, you can see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance Mary suffered her husband to conduct her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.

The next evening, as, O miracle! he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, "Oh, mother! here comes father, and he is not drunk!" Tears coursed down the penitent's cheek, and from that hour he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling, and, as soon as his emancipation from the thraldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment, and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdall, she is the happiest of women, and never thinks without pride of her first and last visit to a dram shop.—*Sun.*

Madman's Ward.

"We use this place but as a temporary convenience," said the surgeon as we reached the door. He opened it. The scene was wild and confused, and as it was badly lighted, it was some moments before I could clearly distinguish the objects around me. At the farther end of the apartment sat the two keepers who had charge of the maniacs. There was a small table before them, and on it a lamp, and a pack of soiled cards, with which they had been amusing themselves. Some of the inmates were hurrying to and fro in apparently objectless but earnest and ceaseless haste; others sat motionless on the deck, unoccupied and unheeding, nor so much as raised their heads to notice us when we entered. Vacant apathy was expressed in the countenances of some, malignant sullenness in others; and others bore an expression of childish mirth, but there was a distortion and hideous emptiness in it that made them more terrible to behold than the rest. A figure passed suddenly before me, and for the moment monopolised my attention. He was decorated, or rather clothed, with a variety of flaunting and many-colored rags; and as he hurried up and down the apartment, he waved a strip of red bunting over his head, with all the ecstasy of maniacal delight, and shouted in senseless clamor. In his imagination he was a conqueror, and was calling on his companions to witness his glories.

There was another, who moved in a less wild and more dignified manner, and who often stopped the last in his career, and appeared to dispute his greatness. He had a strip of tinsel, probably the spoils of some old uniform, round his head, and his dress bore similar ornaments—he imagined himself a king.

There was a third figure, whose appearance was wilder than that of either of these. He was almost naked, and seated crossed-legged on a chest, which raised him above the others, and there, as he swayed his body to and fro, with a monotonous and incessant motion, he ceased not to utter, in a dull and unvaried voice, words that I would all the world could have heard—they "Peace, home!" He imagined himself a priest. "Peace, home—Peace, home," said the maniac; and seeing that he had attracted my attention, he repeated the words faster and louder, with every variety of gesticulation and emphasis, and moved his body with greater violence and rapidity.

"Victory, victory," said the warrior waving his fancied banner over his head.

"Honor me," said the king!

How terrible it is to behold the human being, when the governing mind has fled, leaving but the antic body for the animal life to galvanize and distort! I heard a voice in that terrible place, complain, "What have I done to deserve this terrible death, shut up with the mad?" it exclaimed. I turned and saw an emaciated figure on a mattrass near me. There it moaned its complaints unregarded by the fellow beings around it, who as they passed and repassed, would not even turn to notice the poor sufferer, or occasionally glance from him to his keepers, with a spiteful look of cunning, as if they wished for an opportunity of wreaking their malicious mischiefs upon him.—Suddenly, when no one was near him, "They will murder me," he exclaimed; and starting up wildly, he stretched forth his skeleton arm towards the vacant place, that his imagination peopled with forms of terror. "Here they come," he continued, "they come, they come for me—that is he! I know him by the gash in his forehead. I struck him in battle." His eyes glared, there was a gurgling noise in his throat; the surgeon went to him.

A diminutive creature now ambled towards me. "These men are all mad," said he, seeking to whisper in my ear, "these men are all mad, but don't fear; keep by me; I'll protect you. I am put here to take care of them, and so are those men, but they are both rascals, and say that I am mad too. They try to keep me, but we'll go out of that door presently." Poor wretch—had not all his sufferings taught him that that door was closed to him? "I'll tell you something," he continued, edging closer to me, and assuming a wilder manner. "This place is hell—it is—we are all devils here. He on the chest is our king, deputy devil, and when his great master comes, he gives up his seat to him; and then he plays, and we dance. Ha, ha! he plays merry tunes, he does—all men dance when the devil plays.—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" And the wretch clapped his hands, and capered, and grinned, in maniacal ecstasy, laughing as only a maniac can laugh.

The surgeon was still standing beside his patient holding one of his hands. "He is going," said he to me; and, a few minutes after, he turned aside, gave directions for the body to be immediately removed, and we left the ward; the man who had offered me his protection endeavoring to accompany us until he was repulsed by the keepers.—*Metropolitan.*

Mary Miller and Helen Parks: or the folly of discontent.

Many years ago, I read a story which forcibly illustrated the folly of discontent. It was in poetry, but here is the substance of it, in a dress of plain prose.

A farmer's daughter, I will call her Mary Miller, was permitted to take a walk in the fields one Saturday afternoon. She had been to school all the week, and this privilege delighted her very much. She soon left the dusty road, and rambled from hillock to hillock, gathering the flowers which pleased her fancy. Sometimes she watched the glassy brook, and listened to the merry birds. Sometimes she bounded after the gay butterfly, and then ran to pick some flower whose gaudy colors attracted her eye. In short, wherever her light heart prompted, her nimble feet carried her.

She was near the road-side when she saw a glittering coach pass slowly by. There was no one in it but a little girl about Mary's age. A driver sat in front, guiding the sleek horses, which trotted in their rich harnesses. When the girl wished to stop, he instantly checked them; when she wished to go forward, they started at his word. A footman was on his "stand" behind.—If the little girl saw a flower in the field, or by the road-side, she had only to speak, and the carriage stopped while the footman ran to fetch it. In short, she seemed to have no wish ungratified. As Mary looked at the coach her heart sunk, her feet lost their lightness, her spirits their gaiety, and her face its smiles. She walked gloomily along, and with sour looks and pouting lips, she entered her mother's humble dwelling.

"Have you not had a delightful walk, my child?" said she.

"O no," said Mary pettishly. "I should have enjoyed it pretty well, but Helen Parks came along in her carriage, and when I saw how happy she appeared, with her coachman and footman to wait upon her, and remembered that I was a poor girl, and must always go afoot and wait upon myself, I could hardly help crying. If she wanted any thing she had only to speak, or point to it, and the footman instantly ran and brought it to her.—But when I saw something I wanted, if it was ever so far off, I must go and get it myself. I don't mean to walk out by that road any more."

Her fretful voice was scarcely hushed, when Mrs. Parks came in.

"How did your daughter enjoy her ride this afternoon?" said Mrs. Miller, when her wealthy guest had thrown herself languidly upon an uncushioned chair.

Here the reader should know that Helen was lame, so that she had not walked in several years.

"She would have enjoyed it very well," said the lady in a tone of condescension, "but just as she came where she had the finest prospect, she saw a little girl skipping about the fields. She watched her happy movements as she ran wherever her fancy led her, and when she remembered that she could never enjoy herself thus, she said she could scarcely restrain her tears." 'You cannot think,' said she, 'how sad it was to feel that I must be lifted into the carriage whenever I wish to take the air; and when I see a pretty flower, I can never pick it myself, but must wait till some one, who works for money, can go and fetch it to me. I watched the happy girl, said she, for a few minutes, as she danced so gaily among the birds and flowers, and then ordered the footman to bring me a few daisies which grew by the road-side; but I soon threw them away,' she added, for I could not bear to look at them. She directed the coachman to drive home, that her feelings might no longer be aggravated by the sight of pleasure which she could not share. When the footman brought her in, and placed her carefully upon the sofa, she laid her face upon my lap, and wept profusely. 'Mother,' said she, 'I will never ride out by those fields again.'"—*Cabinet.*

Come see the Procession.—Here then is the evil:—300,000 drunkards; $30,000,000 squandered; 150,000 paupers, 16,000 criminals; three fourths of all the casualities; one half the insanities; and 30,000 deaths annually. Here, said the Lecturer, is the evil. Patriots, philanthropists, *mere men*, will you look at it? First, let the 150,000 paupers pass along in their rags.—Would the audience look at them? Sitting here, surrounded with comforts, they could not duly appreciate such a spectacle. But, said he, if your last bed were going under the hammer, and your wives and children were already on their way to join this motly group, then could you appreciate it without difficulty,

Next in the procession, come the 1500 insane persons—and how could the maniac laugh! "O if I had a brother," say you, "or a sister, a father or a mother, in that company of maniacs, how should I feel?" Multiply the distress you would feel by ten thousand, and you will know something of the sum total of distress thus occasioned.

Now make room, said he, for the 16,000 criminals, dungeoned by the use of intoxicating drink. Don't look at their wives and children—the evil is not there—but at the universal insecurity of life and property which quivered all the land over.

And now let the 300,000 drunkards join in the procession; see their spewing, and hear their dreadful oaths, as they pass along. And finally pile up 30,000 bodies of dead men, in all their blood—and then remember what God has said about the drunkard.

Firm-nerved men, he remarked, had cried like children, at the mimicry of the theatre. But here were facts, in comparison with which the highest wrought representations of the theatre were tame.

The Folly of trying to please every body.

As some pretend to care for none, there are those who, on the other hand, try to please all, by becoming—not in its best sense—'all things to all men.' Some do it from selfish designs altogether; and others from a too yielding temper. These last cannot bear in any case, to be opposed or to oppose: and so readily fall in with the sentiments and views of their present company, and side with every man they meet. Often this pliability of mind or temper is owing to a sort of amiable weakness, but it is destructive of all respectability of character.

I know not how to illustrate this point better than by the following story, which as to substance and pith, may be regarded as undoubtedly true.

Some very long time since, Rev. M. M——, of Massachusetts (then a British colony,) being at Boston, bought him a wig there, and returning home, wore it at church the next Sabbath. As a wig of such a size and shape was quite a novelty in that obscure place, it gave offence to almost the whole congregation, who, both male and female repaired the next day to their minister's house, and stated their complaint, the burden of which was, that the wig was one of the Boston *notions*, and had the look of fashion and pride. The good natured minister, thereupon, brought it forth, and bade them fashion it to their own liking. This task they set about in good earnest, and with the help of scissors, cropped off lock after lock, till at last they all declared themselves satisfied,—save one—who alleged, that wearing any wig at all, was in his opinion, a breach of the commandment, which saith, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath.' This last objector Mr. M——silenced by convincing him that the wig, in the condition it then was, did not resemble any thing either above or below.

Even so fares it with the characters that make it their aim to please every body. Slashed on this side and on that, and twisted into every shape and out of all shape, they finally come to the condition of his reverence's wig.

N. Y. Observer.

A Virtuous Man.—During the war in Germany, the captain of a troop of calvary was ordered out on a foraging party. He marched at the head of his troop to the quarter assigned him, a solitary vale, uncultivated, and nearly covered with wood. In the middle of it stood a small cottage—the residence a poor man, one of the Moravian brethren. On perceiving the hut, the captain knocked at the door, when the aged, pious son of poverty made his appearance. His beard and locks were silvered by old age, while his countenance bespoke that inward peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field, so that I can set my troopers a foraging."

"I will presently, if you will follow me," replied the old man.

After leaving the valley, about a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley.

"There is the very thing we want," said the captain.

"Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, and you shall be satisfied.

They went on, about the distance of a quarter of a league farther, when they arrived at another field of barley. The troopers dismounted, cut down the grain, bound it up, and re-mounted, while the guide looked on. When they were about to depart, the officer said:

"Father, you have given yourself unnecessary trouble, in coming so far; the field we first saw was much better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

This stroke, (says the author very justly,) goes directly to the heart. I defy an Atheist to produce any thing to be compared with it. Surely he who does not feel his heart warmed, by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principle of moral taste.

Woonsocket Patriot.

The Bashful Irishman.—When the late Duchess of Saint Allan's bequeathed such immense wealth to Miss Angela Coutts, her Grace little thought of the annoyance and misery involved in the legacy. Happy are the spinsters who, in these fortune-hunting days, have no millions to draw upon the persecution of true love—who, "wanting the accomplishment of Bank Stock, are not waylaid in the public streets, besieged in hotels, haunted in churches, by bashful gentlemen anxious to be married to capital board and lodging; and who, like the invincible Mr. Dunn, Irishman and barrister-at-law, offer themselves dog-cheap to any tender-hearted heiress. Here is a lady, almost frightened into a fever, and why?—she is enormously rich. She is assailed in the privacy of her home—ogled at, with a felonious intent, in her pew—beset, wherever she turns, by a man she loathes—and why? She is, unhappily for herself, the richest spinster of the day. She stands single in her wealth and in her suffering. Can government do nothing for Mr. Dunn? Is there no post for which his indomitable energy renders him peculiarly eligible? If purchaseable, it would really be worth the while of Miss Coutts to lay out a thousand or two to rid herself of a nuisance, and secure food and raiment to a pains-taking, but unfortunate individual. Is there anything open in Sierra Leone? As for climate, a man who is proof to the scorn and contempt of a persecuted lady, can stand anything. For the sake of Miss Coutts, we are very anxious to see Mr. Dunn safely provided for. The Guinea Coast would, doubtless, have peculiar attractions for him: is there no embassy to forward to a native princess? The face, figure, and colour, no matter—(we think we can answer for Mr. Dunn)—so that there be plenty of gold-dust. Or if Mr. Dunn must stay at home, can the Chancellor of the Exchequer do nothing for him? Seeing what an eye the gentleman has to the supplies, with what indefatigable zeal he gives his whole soul to the question of finance, he would, we think, be found invaluable. Somehow poor Miss Coutts must be relieved of the barrister; and though we would counsel a bold step—namely, the offer of a handsome bribe to the Swiss giantess to carry off Mr. Dunn, and by main force marry him to herself out of the way (a proper punishment, we think, for a gold-smitten swain, who will persecute an heiress,) still, as Miss Coutts may refuse to employ such wholesome violence, she has another, and only another remedy against the future addresses of the barrister; let her without delay Gazette herself as insolvent. Remove the treacle, and the flies disappear. Any way, we hope soon to be quit of Mr. Dunn. Next to the Thames Tunnel, he has proved himself the greatest bore of the day.—*Herald.*

Indian Minuteness.—For acuteness of sense we think none compete with the class of Indians whose wonderful powers of reasoning are described below, extracted from Thatcher's Indian Traits:

"Owing partly to his organization, doubtless, as well as to his mode of living from his childhood up, the senses of the Indian are extremely acute. It is related in modern times that a hunter, belonging to one of the western tribes, on his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Having gone a little distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a *little old white man*, with a *short gun*, accompanied by a *small dog* with a *short tail?* They replied in the affirmative; and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had never seen? The Indian replied thus,—'The thief I know is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it standing on the ground; that he is an *old man* I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; that he is a *white man*, I know by turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does, his gun I know to be *short*, by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark of the tree where it leaned; that his dog is *small*, I know by his track, and that he has a *short tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time that his master was taking down the meat.

Lazy People.—Thanks to heaven and our ancestors, and to all others who had any part in making us what we are; thanks to them, one and all, that we were not born *lazy*. Laziness is the parent of all the sins that have been committed since the morning of creation. Eve was in a lazy fit at the time Satan tempted her; if Adam had kept her busy, she would have kept out of mischief, and we should all have been as innocent and happy as young lambkins. If the antediluvians had commenced building arks when Noah preached to them, they might all have been saved; but they were too lazy to work, and so they were drowned in the great aqueous catastrophe. The reason the Egyptians refused to let the Israelites go, was because they were too lazy to make their own bricks, and wished to compel the Hebrews to do that work for them. The consequences are well known; they were plagued grievously, and afterwards drowned in the Red Sea. Lazy people, in our own days, are constantly plagued themselves, and are an everlasting plague and eye-sore to others. The sight of a creeping, listless, indolent man or woman is misery to the thrifty and industrious. People of this class are without friends, they are abhorred by their own relations and universally dreaded. They not only hate to work themselves, but they hate to see work done, and would fain have the whole world as useless and inactive as they are. Of this kidney are your loungers, who delight in hanging about workshops, printing offices, and every place they can interrupt business. Had we, as Homer expresses it,

"A hundred mouths, a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass and adamantine lungs,"

we could scarcely find time and strength to execrate such characters.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Sir Thomas Lander's Alpine Mastiff.—To give you an idea of his strength, I may tell you an anecdote which happened a good many months ago. He took a particular fancy for one of the postmen who deliver letters here. It was the duty of the postman I now allude to, besides delivering letters, to carry a letter-bag from one receiving house to another, and this bag he used to give to Bass to carry. Bass always followed that man through all the villas in this neighborhood where he had deliveries to make; and he invariably parted with him opposite to the gate of the Convent of St. Margaret's, and returned home. When our gate was shut here, to prevent his following the postman, the dog always leaped a high wall to get after him. One day when the postman was ill, or detained by some accidental circumstance, he sent a man in his place. Bass went up to the man, curiously scanning his face, whilst the man retired from the dog, by no means liking his appearance, and very anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place, Bass followed him, showing strong symptoms that he was determined to have the post-bag. The man did all he could to keep possession of it. But at length, Bass, seeing that he had no chance of getting possession of the bag by civil entreaty, raised himself on his hind legs, and putting a great fore-paw on each of the man's shoulders, he laid him flat on his back in the road, and quietly picking up the bag, he proceeded peaceably on his wonted way. The man, much dismayed, arose and followed the dog, making, every now and then, an ineffectual attempt to coax him to give up the bag. At the first house he came to he told his fears, and the dilemma he was in;, but the people comforted him by telling him that the dog always carried the bag. Bass walked with the man to all the houses at which he delivered letters, and along the road, till he came to the gate of St. Margaret's, when he dropped the bag, and making his bow to the man, he returned home.—*From the Naturalist's Library.*

The Power of machinery.—It is calculated that two hundred arms, with machines, now manufacture as much cotton as twenty million of arms were able to manufacture without machines forty years ago; and that the cotton now manufactured in the course of a year, in Great Britain, would require without machines, sixteen millions of workmen with single wheels. It is further calculated, that the quantity of manufactures of all sorts, at present produced by British workmen with the aid of machines, is so great that it would require, without the assistance of machinery, the labor of four millions of workmen. At some of the cotton mills in Manchester, yarn has been spun so fine as to require 150 hanks to weigh one pound avoirdupois. The perimeter of the common reel being one yard and a half, eight threads or revolutions would measure 120 yards, and one hank seven times as much, or 840 yards, multiplied by 350 gives 291,000 yards, or 167 1-22 miles.—*Harrison Flather Stanwix.*

Courtship.—Courting a pretty girl when *both love*, is a very interesting affair. Not a doubt of that. But if *you* love and *she don't*, then farefell fair dreams. The hope to win her wears away into a weary task, and perseverance then may pause, "*in that behalf*" to toil no more. Yet there are those who think to win success in such "*a case*," by coaxing and kind words. Vain hope! A humming-bird, upon its tiny, tireless wing, coquetting with the sunlight and the flowers, or dashing in its dream-like beauty—like a thought—from opening bud to fragrant blossoms, were easier caught than such unloving fair one in the gladness of her morning bloom. Win first the love of her you love, and courtship ceases to be a mere humming-bird chase—formality warms into fervancy, and a happy termination in a happy marriage is the pleasant end and "upshot" thereof.

The following lines from Shenstone are frequently found written on the windows of inns:—

"Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various stage has been,
Must sigh to think he oft has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

A gentleman on a tour to the north, seeing this complimentary inscription on a pane of glass, took out a diamond and wrote underneath—

"He must have found where'er he's been,
While he had cash they'd *take him in*;
When he had none, he found, no doubt,
How gracefully they *boo'd him out*."

To Mothers.—Be careful that your daughters do not early imbibe the impression, that a thorough domestic training in the business of the kitchen is of trifling importance, if not absolutely derogatory to their respectability. Such impressions in misses of sixteen, are very common; but how false and mistaken they are, your own experience bears ample testimony. Save your daughters, if you can, from the mortification and misery of entering upon the care of a family, destitute of knowledge of what are the first principles of domestic economy. If they feel that such early discipline is degrading, you can appeal to one of the most popular female seminaries in the land, where the business of the kitchen and the wash-room is made a prominent branch of acquisition.